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THE  
RATIONAL METHOD IN READING

BY  
EDWARD G. WARD  
LATE SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION  
BROOKLYN, N.Y.

Second Reader

*REVISED EDITION*



SILVER, BURDETT AND COMPANY  
BOSTON      NEW YORK      CHICAGO      SAN FRANCISCO

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1920

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## **THE RATIONAL METHOD IN READING**

**PRIMER — Revised, 1919**

**FIRST READER — Revised, 1919**

**SECOND READER — Revised, 1919**

**THIRD READER — Revised, 1919**

**FOURTH READER**

**FIFTH READER**

**ADDITIONAL PRIMER**

**ADDITIONAL FIRST READER**

**ADDITIONAL SECOND READER**

**MANUAL OF INSTRUCTION — Revised, 1919**

**PHONETIC CARDS**

**FIRST SET. To Accompany the Primer**

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**FIRST SET. To Accompany the Primer**

**SECOND SET. To Accompany the Primer**

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## PREFACE

The Rational Method in Reading, by Edward G. Ward, holds a unique place in the history of education in this country. It is not too much to say that on its appearance the teaching of reading was revolutionized, and that today educational thought and practice are very largely governed by the principles that were then first clearly understood and definitely presented as a basis of teaching.

The Rational Method in Reading was the outgrowth of the author's study, observation, and experimentation in the public schools of Brooklyn, of which he was for many years Superintendent. The method in brief is a wise combination of the word (or sentence) method and the phonetic method. The phonic arrangement is simple, well graded, and comprehensive. By its use the child may within a year and a half from his entrance into school come into possession of a complete key to Reading.

The success of this method has been phenomenal. So great has been the demand for the books that again and again the book plates have been worn out and have been replaced by new castings.

New plates are again necessary, and the publishers are taking advantage of this opportunity not only to give the books a different form with new designs and drawings, but also to provide fresh material for the exemplification of the method.

In preparing this revision, therefore, new lessons have been written which follow the lines laid down in the method. The little stories and conversations are presented from the child's viewpoint and are full of life and action. This material has been enriched by the early introduction of folk stories, fables, and other favorites in the literature of childhood. These bits of literature have likewise been made to conform to the details of the method so that the value and integrity of the plan have in no way been impaired. This revision is the work of May Louise Harvey, assisted by Alice R. Harvey.

In presenting this revision of the books, the publishers wish to make grateful acknowledgment of the favor hitherto accorded to the Rational Method in Reading, and to express the hope that this excellent method will continue to meet the approval and the needs of a large number of the teachers and educators of the country.





25 Cent

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## PART I



### THE NEW DESKS

first ask

It was the first day of school. The childrēn had been vĕřy busy all day.

They had been wřiting and rĕāding and sing-  
ing. They had ādded nŭmbers. They had eŭt  
pāper and pāīnted pictures. And they were get-  
ting tīrēd. It was nĕārly tīmē to go home.

There was one little girl nāmed Grāc̃ Pōrter. Grāc̃ had workēd hard and she was getting tired and slēpy. She lēanēd her head on her hand. She elōsēd her ēyēs for a mōmēt. Bēfōrē she knew it, she was aslēp.

She must have been thinking of her pretty new dēsks. She bēgan to drēam about it. This was what she drēamēd.

In the drēam Grāc̃'s teachēr was spēaking. "All these childrēn must have new dēsks," she said. "Where shall we get them? Grāc̃, plēasē run to the stōrē and ask Mr. Smīth to send us fiftȳ new dēsks."

So Grāc̃ ran at once to Mr. Smīth's stōrē. "Plēasē, Mr. Smīth, send us fiftȳ new dēsks."

"Yes, I will send them," said Mr. Smīth, "but first I must get them from the fāctōry where they are made."

So Mr. Smīth went at once to the fāctōry and said to Mr. Pratt, "I wish to buȳ fiftȳ new ōak dēsks for the children. Will you make them?"

"Yes, I will make them," said Mr. Pratt, "but first I must get some ōak bōards from the mill."

So Mr. Pratt went at once to the mill and said to the miller, “Mr. King, I wish to buŷ some ōak bōards. I want to make fifty new dēsks for the children. Will you sēll me some bōards?”



“Yes, I will sēll you some bōards,” answerēd Mr. King, “but first I must get some lōgs from the fōrest.”



So Mr. King went at once to Mr. Butler who ōwnēd the fōrest. He said to him, “Mr. Butler, I wish to buŷ some good ōak lōgs. Will you sēll me some lōgs?”

“Yes, I will sēll you some,” said Mr. Butler, “but first I must go to the fōrest and chōp down the ōak trēes.”

So Mr. Butler went at once to the förest. He chöppēd down the tall, strāight ōak trēes.

He sold the lōgs to Mr. King, who sawēd them into bōards.

Mr. King sold the bōards to Mr. Pratt, who made them into pretty dēsks.

Mr. Pratt sold the dēsks to Mr. Smith, who kēpt the stōrē.

Then Mr. Smith said to Grācē, "Here are the dēsks, Grācē. Tell your teacher that they will be taken to the school today."

Then Grācē awōkē. There was her pretty new dēsk befōrē her ēyēs. Her teacher was sāying something. Grācē listēnēd.

"Childrēn," said the teacher, "our new dēsks are very pretty, are they not? See how bright and shīnŷ they are. Let us all trŷ to kēēp them neat and elēan. You may pīlē up your books neatly and put them in your dēsks befōrē you go home.

"Good-night, children."

## SOUR GRAPES

A fox was once strōlling slōwly up the rōad. At end in the rōad, he eāme upon an old oāk trēe. There he saw a grāpē vīnē grōwīng elōse to the e and elīng to it. And on the vīnē up in a tōp of the trēe, there were rīch elusters of ipēs.

When the fox saw these grāpēs, he was glād. He likēd grāpēs and these lookēd sweēt and good.

He lēapēd and lēapēd and triēd hard to get the grāpēs. But he could not reach them. He could not get a sīglē eluster.

So then he went away, sāying, "They are sour grāpēs anyway. I do not want them."

---

Good-bȳ, mȳ daȳsȳ, pīnk and rōse,

And snōw white līly too! Good-bȳ!

Ėvȳry pretty flower that grōwȳ,

Here's a kisē for you. Good-bȳ!

Good-bȳ, mȳ mērrȳ bird and beē,

And take this tīnȳ sōng, Good-bȳ!

For the one you sāng to me

All the summer lōng. Good-bȳ!



## A STORY FROM JAPAN

j g orange

I am one of the littlë fōlks from Jāpan. You call our cōuntrȳ Jāpan. We call it Sunrīse Land.

Mȳ nāmø is Orange Blössom. Mȳ sister's nāmø is Cherry Blössom. Many of the littlë girls of Jāpan have the nāmēs of flowers.

I have a littlë cōūsĭn whose nāmø is Iris Blössom.



I think that is a pretty nāmø. Should you like to chāngø your nāmø for one like ours?

This is mȳ brother Kātō. Kātō and I are just going into the garden to play. We play in the garden nēarly ěvėry day.

Mother says, "Kātō and Orange Blössøm, be gēntlē in your play. Do not jöstlē each other too much."

There is a tīnȳ lākø in our garden, with a small bridge. We sit at the ēdgø of the lākø and watch the pretty gold fish in the water.

We have a littlē cøttāgø under the trēøs. Here we bring our playthings and our pēts.

I have a littlē kittēn. She never plays with her tail as your kittēn does. What do you suppøssø is the rēāson? She has no tail. The eats in Jāpan have very small tails, and some eats have no tails at all.

Kātō's dog has a tīnȳ nøssø and a stūbbȳ tail. He is a cunning littlē fēlløw. He is vėry fōnd of mȳ brother.

We have many bright butterflies. We kēep them in a cāgø and cārrȳ them flowers ěvėry day.

But I like m̄y dōll bētter than any of m̄y pēts.  
Her nāmē is Jānō.

Jānō has a dress of sōft cōtton elōth just like mīnē. I have a vērŷ lōng, wīdē sāsh of red silk tīēd in a big bōw at the back. Jānō has a sāsh too.

I have two bāgs tīēd to m̄y bēlt. In one bāg I cārŷ manŷ sōft pāper nāpkīns. In the other I have a nicklē plate with m̄y nāmē on it and the nūmber of the strēet where I līvē.

Our stōckings are made of elōth. They have thick sōlēs. At home we have ōnly stōckings on our fēet.

We do not have cāps. We cārŷ pāper ūmbrēllas īnstēd.

Kātō and I like to go down to the rīver and look at the boats. The other day we rōdē nēar the bāy and we saw manŷ jūnks with their sails.

We like to rīdē in a cārŷiāgē. I have seen pīctures of your cārŷiāgēs. They are not like ours.

I like to go to rīdē but I am glād to come home. I like m̄y home, it is sō elēan and sō neat.

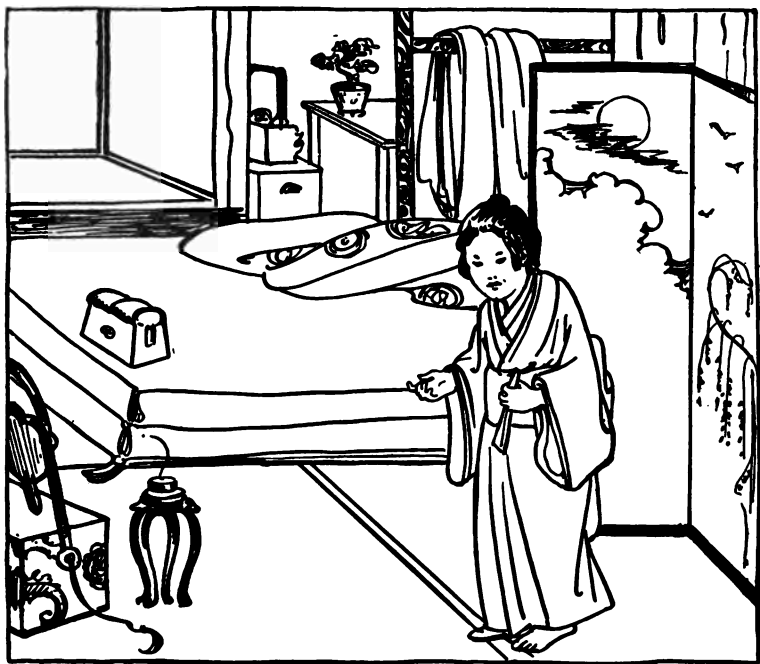
We have no dōors īnsīdē. There is one big plācē belōw and another big plācē one flīght up.

We have mats on our floors. We sleep on the mats at night.

We sit on pillows. The pillows are blocks with soft paper on top.

It is time now for me to go to bed. I suppose you little children are just getting up when I am going to bed. So when I say "Good night," you are saying "Good morning."

Good night, little children.



## THE BIRDS' LESSON

a      ô

Once in the spring a long time ago, the birds wished to build some nests, but they did not know how.

Several of them came together to talk over their plans and to see what they could do.

"Let us ask the māgpīø," they said. "She knows more about building a nest than any of us."

Now the māgpīø is a very bold, saucy, naughty bird. She is always talking and saying naughty things. She ought not to talk so much, and she ought not to say the things she does.

But we will say this for the māgpīø: she does know how to build a good nest. Her nest is broad and deep, strong and tight. It never breaks and it is warm in the coldest weather.

The birds agreed to ask the māgpīø how she built her nest. So they went to her, and the jackdaw spoke first.

The jackdaw is another bold, naughty bird. She has been known to take things that are not



hers. Of cōurse she ōught not to do so. She also talks too much and she is saucy too. She and the māgpīø are cōūsīns, but they are not věry good frīends.

When the māgpīø saw the jackdaw coming, she serēamēd, “You are a thīēf! You are a thīēf!”

The jackdaw could not dēnȳ it, so she prētended not to hēar.

“Dear cōūsīn māgpīø,” she said, “you have the finest nest in the fōrest. Who taught you to make sūch a nest?”

"I taught mýself. I taught mýself," said the mǎgpíe.

"Did you, indeed?" asked the jackdaw. "You must be a good teacher. Come and teach us."

"You flatter me! You flatter me!" ~~seréaméd~~ the mǎgpíe. "Go away, you naughtý bird, go away!"

So the jackdaw was obliged to go away and leave the other birds to do the talking.

Then the thrush said vĕřý gĕntlý and pólitély, "Pleáse, Místress Mǎgpíe, who taught you to build your nest? It is the finest nest in the forest. It is brôad and dĕep, sôft and wǎrm."

"I taught mýself, I taught mýself," said the mǎgpíe erôssly.

"Now, do not be ǎngřý," said the thrush gĕntlý. "Be kind, and teach us how to build as you do."

"Well, then, I will teach you," said the mǎgpíe.

"First I brôught some mŭd in mý bill. With mý claws I molded it into a eŭp. I made it brôad, for I do not like mý nest too small."

“Ōh, yes,” said the thrūsh, “I like that way of būilding.”

She did not stōp to hear any mōre, but away she went to būild her nest.

And to this day the thrūshes būild their nests of mūd molded into the shape of a eūp.

“Then,” said the māgpie, “I brōught some sticks and lāid them in the mūd.”

“Ōh, yes,” said the blāckbird, “I like that kind of nest.”

She ōught to have wāited to hear mōre, but she did not. Away she ran to būild her nest.

And to this day the blackbirds būild their nests of mūd and sticks.

“Then,” said the māgpie, “I thōught I would bring some twigs and drāw them in neatly about the nest.”

“Ōh, yes,” said the spārrow, “I see how that is.”

She ōught to have listened lōnger but she did not. Away she went to būild her nest.

And to this day the sparrows have nests made of twigs woven together.

"Then," said the magpie, "I brought some soft feathers with which to line the nest."

"Oh, yes," said the swift, "I like that plan."

She ought to have listened longer, but she did not. Away she went to build her nest.

And to this day, the swifts have a soft, warm lining of feathers in their nests.

"Then I brought more mud and sticks," said the magpie, "because I wanted to make my nest deeper."

But not one of the birds heard her. They had all gone to build their nests. They ought to have waited to hear all that the magpie had to say, but they did not. She taught them well, but they did not listen. So to this day, there is no bird in the forest who knows how to build so good a nest as the magpie.



## RED CAP, THE BROWNE

churn	poor
h	wh

There was once a poor farmer whose nāmē was Hans. He and his wifē Hilda lived in a little eōttāgē. They bōth workēd vērŷ hārd. They were busy from mōrn-  
ing until night.

Hans workēd in the fīelds all day lōng, sōwing, hōping, ōr rēap-  
ing, whilē Hilda kēpt the little house trim and nēāt. They were poor but they were very hāppŷ.

One day Hilda was standing on a lādder picking chērris. She was trŷing to reach some that hūng high up in the trēē. She slippēd and fēll, brēak-  
ing her arm and her shōulder.

That was a sad thing for poor Hilda. She would have to sūffer pāin for a lōng tīmē, and she would not be āblē to work for wēeks and wēeks.



Hilda was sörřý for herself, but she was mōrø sörřý for Hans.

“Poor Hans,” she said to herself, “he will have to work härder than ever now. He will have to do all the work bōth out of dōørş and in the houşø. We are too poor to hīrø any one to hēlp us.”

And so it was. Hans did have to work härder than ever. Ėvėrý day he would toil in the fjēldş until därk.

Then he would milk the cows and fēød the henş and chickēş. He would go up into the hāylōft and thrōw down hāy for Dōbbin, the horse, and for the hūngřý eattlø.

And fināllý, he would go into the houşø and make the wheat eākøş and hēāt the bēān pōrrīdğø for supper. Poor Hans! What hård and busy days thōşø were!

One nighť when he and Hilda were eating thēir supper of hōť pōrrīdğø and wheat eākøş, Hans said, “I am too tīrød to work any lōngėr juşť now, Hilda.

“I think when I have finişhød my supper I will liø down and rēşť a-whīlø. Then I will rīşø and

churn the erēam. Tomōrrōw is the day for taking the butter to town, you know."

So when he had finishēd his supper, Hans put the erēam into the churn. He pīlēd the fīrē hīgh with hickorŷ sticks. Then he lāy down to rēst.

At mīdnīght he arōsē and went to the kītchēn. He ōpēnēd the dōr and was just going in, whēn he stōppēd shōrt on the thrēshōld.

What had hāppēnēd in that kītchēn? Who had been there sīncē he and Hilda had finishēd thēir supper?

By the flickerīng līght of the fīrē, Hans saw a strāngē sīght. He could hārdly belŷēvē his ēyēs.

The kītchēn was as elēan and tīdŷ as it could be. The fłōr had been neatly swēpt. The supper dishēs had all been put away. Evērythīng was in ōrdēr.

The churn was standīng where he had lēft it. And bēhīnd it, ālmost hīddēn from sīght, sat a brownīe busīly churnīng.

The tīnŷ man was a hāndsōmē and dāppēr little fēllōw. And he was gāyly dressēd too. He wōrē a bright grēēn jāckēt and a red cap trīmmēd with a whītē owl's fēāthēr.

But Red Cap was not thinking about his elōthes.  
He was thinking about that churning.

He workēd away with a will. Round and round  
and round and round went the big whēēl. Hanș  
had never churnēd so busily in all his lifē.

“He is hūrrying,” said Hanș to himsēlf, “to  
get the butter mādē and moldēd befōrē daylight.  
If he should see me he would vanish. I must be  
as still as a mouse and hāsēn to bed.”

So Hanș elōșēd the dōr as sōftly as he could  
and erēpt away to bed.



In the mōrning whēn he went into the kī~~t~~chēn, there was the butter in nice little pats on the tāblē.

Hilda said it was the bēst butter she had ever tasted and there was twice as much as ūsūal.

Ėvērŷ morning now the farmer found some of his work dōnē for him. The corn would be hōēd, ôr the grass mōwēd, or the hāy rākēd.

The weeds in the garden were all pullēd up and the hāy~~w~~ks frīghtēnēd away so that they never eāmē nēar the hēn yārd all sūmmer.

When Hilda was well again and āblē to work, Hānš said, "Red Cap will lēāvē us now, I suppōsē."

"Well, pērhaps he will not lēāvē us," said Hilda. "Pērhaps he will stay and hēlp us for a whilē. I will put a hickorŷ lōg on the firē ēvērŷ night, and a bōwl of hōt pōrrīdgē on the shēlf. He may be cold and hūngry."

And Red Cap did stay and hēlp them. Ėvērŷ night he workēd, thrēshing ôr sweeping ôr churning.

So ēvērŷthing began to prōsper with Hānš and Hilda. Hānš bōught mōrē cows and sold mōrē and mōrē butter. It was not lōng befōrē he becāmē rich. He had a big bāg full of shīning gold pīcēs.

But I am sorry to say that Hans began to get into bad habits. He was idle and shiftless. He did not want to work at all.

He knew very well that such conduct would not please Red Cap. He knew that the brownies never help those who will not help themselves.

His wife and all his friends told him that Red Cap would certainly leave him. They told him that he ought to mend his ways. But he would not heed what they said.

Then Red Cap did leave him. He did not come to help Hans any more, and he began to play pranks upon him.

He would hide the hoe or the wheel-barrow so that Hans could not find it. He would hang the saw-horse so high that Hans could not reach it.

At night he would whisk around the house and whisper at the keyhole. He would whip the window-panes with little sticks. He would whistle down the chimney.

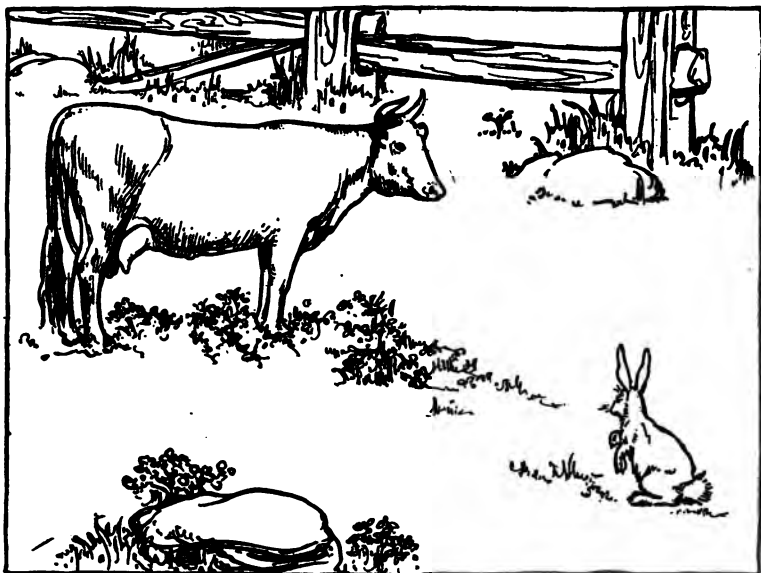
"Hush," Hans would whisper, "Red Cap is coming. Hear him whisking around. I wish he would help us instead of playing pranks."



“I think he wants us to go to work,” said Hilda. “If we should work again, pěrhaps he would stōp his tricks.”

Then Hans and Hilda began to work hārd once mōre, and the brownie played no mōre prānks. He was rēādý to hělp them if they rēally nēdēd him, but they did not.

They were āblē to do all thēir work themsēlvēs, and they were willing to do it. And so they were hāppý and prōsperōus as lōng as they livēd.



## BUNNY AND HIS FRIENDS

All the animals on Clover Farm liked Bunny, the rabbit.

Bunny was gentle and polite. He was always polite, even to Pöll, the parrot. He would not get angry when she scolded him.

"You are a good little rabbit," said Döbbin, the horse. "You never jump into my manger and frighten me. I like you and I will be your friend.



If I can ever help you in any way, I shall be glad to do so."

"Little Bunný, I like you," said Bössý, as she nibbled the sweet clover in the yard. "You are never unkind nôr impolite. I will always be a friend to you. If I can ever help you in any way, I shall be glad to do so."

"I like you, Bunný," said Billy, the goat, "for you never play tricks on me. Call on me if you ever need a friend to help you."

"Thank you all very much," said Bunný. "I am glad to have so many friends."

"Bunný, Bunný!" screamed Pöll, "the dogs are coming! The dogs are coming! The dogs will chase you!"

"Oh, what shall I do?" said Bunný. "Friend Döbbin, please let me jump upon your back. Please carry me to the forest. The dogs are coming. I am afraid they will catch me."

"I am sorry you are in trouble," said Döbbin, "but I cannot help you today. I am tired and I want to rest now. There is Bössý. Ask her to help you. She has not had anything to do."

“ Oh, Bössŷ,” said Bŭnnŷ, “ the dogs are coming. I am afrāĭd they will eătch me. Plēăse take me on your băck and eărrŷ me to the fōrest.”

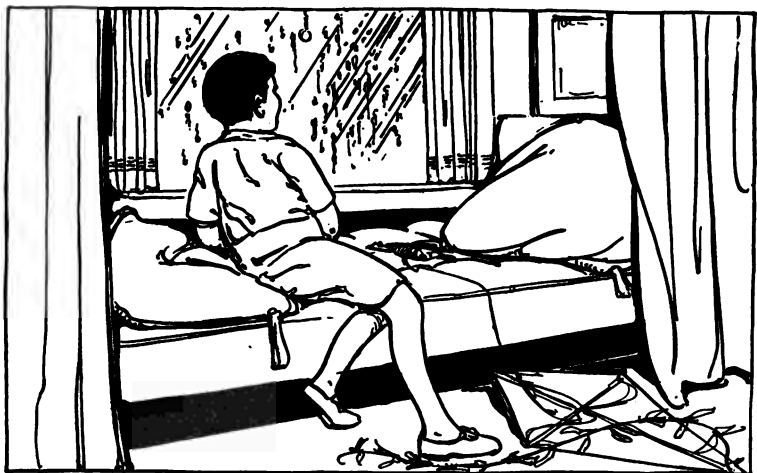
“ I am sōrrŷ for you, Bŭnnŷ,” said Bössŷ, “ but I cannot hēlp you today. I do not want to lēăve this sweet elover ēven for a mōmēnt. There is Billy; ask him to hēlp you.”

“ Oh, Billy,” said Bŭnnŷ, “ the dogs are coming. I am afrāĭd they will eătch me. Plēăse, Billy, eărrŷ me băck to the fōrest.”

“ Oh, no, Bŭnnŷ,” said Billy, “ I cannot do that, for I should ōffēnd the dogs. They would punish me if I should hēlp you. I am sōrrŷ you are in trōŭblē, but I must think of mysēlf first, you see.”

“ I see this,” said Bŭnnŷ, “ that I must dēpend upon mŷ ōwn lēgŷ to take me to the fōrest. Goodbŷ.”

And away he ran as swifŷly as he could. The dogs did not ġēt ēven a ġlīmpŷ of him.



## THE APRIL SHOWER

ou      ow

“Rāĭn, rāĭn, go away.

Come again another day.”

That was what Ġeôrgê Brown said one day in April.

Clouds had gāthered just as he wanted to go out. And now tīnŷ drōps of rāĭn were pattering upon the sīdewalk. It was about fōŷr o’elōck.

Ġeôrgê wanted to go out and flŷ his new kītē. The kītē was all rēādŷ. The string was wound

neatly around the stick. The tail had plěntý of pāper bōbs in it. He had made that tail himsēlf.

Ĝeōrgē's kītē was a pretty one. It was red and white with a gilt crown. The sticks were thin and slēnder. Ĝeōrgē knew it must be a good flier.

And now this hēāvý shower had come, and he could not go out.

"Such wēather!" erīed Ĝeōrgē. "Such a shower! Just see it pōūr and see thōsē hēāvý clouds. It will not stōp rāīning today."

"I do not want to be drownēd," said he pouting, "and I do not want to get my kītē wet. And I do not want to stāý in the house. What can I do?"

So sāying, he lāý down on the sōfa and prē-tended to be aslēep. He was too erōss to spēāk to any one.

In a little whilē his sister Hēlēn eāmē up to his sīdē on tiptōē.

"Dear, sick brother!" she whisperēd. "You have been vērý ill. Just a little whilē agō you were talking wildy. You frownēd and whinēd and behāvēd in a strāngē manner. But you are rēsting now. Have cōūrāgē, and you will get well."

Hélén was always doing and sáying funny things. Géôrgé could not hêlp smíling in spíte of himself. He kêpt still to see what êlsé she would sáy.

“How drowsy you are since your long illness!” she went on. “The fêver has made you vêry weak. But now you are bêtter. Your brow is no lônger sô hôt as it was.”

She laïd her hand upon his fôrêhêad as she spôkê. Then she went to the tâblê.

“I must give you an ounce of this powder,” she said. “It will make you strônger. I suppôsê you ôught to have a pound of it.”

She triêd to put some of the powder into Géôrgé’s mouth. At this he began to gígglê.

“Oh, Hélén!” he eriêd. “Do you think you can make me eat that raw flour?”

“There!” eriêd Hélén. “I knew you would be well befôrê lông. You are much better alrêadý.

“But you do not know what has hâppênêd! The south wind has blôwn the clouds away. There is a glôriôus râinbôw in the êâstern ský. Húrrý up, let us go out and see it.”

It did not take G  rge l  ng to j  mp up and run out to the p  rch. The r  inb  w was g  n  , and the sk  y was el  ar and blue.

He r  m  in  d for a m  m  nt looking up and down the str  et. On one s  id   of the r   d there were man   p  ddl  s. He would not want his kite to dr  g in th  s   m  dd   p  ddl  s.

But the other s  id   of the r   d was h  gher and alr   d  y it had become dr  y. G  rge th  ught that there the k  t   would not get wet.

"I have still t  m   to tr  y m  y k  t   b  f  r   s  pp  r," said he. "Three ch   rs for an   pr  l d  y!"





## RUTH AND HER GARDEN

o u ew

This is Ruth Bāker in her flower garden. Ruth likes flowers and she likes to rāise them herself.

In the spring she planted flowering beans and sweet peas. She kept the roots well watered. If she had not watered them, the tiny shoots would have withered and died.

She loosened the ground around the tiny shoots so that they would grow better.

Then she placēd a trēllis for the beans to climb on and wirē nētting for the sweet pēas.

All the plants grew finely, and soon they were in bloōm.

Ruth likes to work in her garden ēvēry fōrē-noon. She rēmōvēs all the tīnŷ wēeds that are tryīng to grōw. She prunēs the vīnēs and bushēs.

She has a bēd of līlīēs of the vāllēŷ. She has rōsēs of sevēral kinds and manŷ are in bloōm at the sāmē tīmē. Ruth likes her rōsēs bēst of all.

In one cōrner of the garden there is a tall spruce trēē. ~~Here~~ it is cōōl and shādŷ. Ruth ōftēn sēts the tāblē undēr this trēē, and she and her father and mother have their suppēr there.

Ruth's father kēēps a jēwēlrŷ stōrē. There are rubīēs and other fīnē jēwēls in his shōw eāsē. Ruth says that her rōsēs are prettīer than the rubīēs or any of the jēwēls. Her father says that Ruth hērself is a "jewel."

Near Ruth's home there is a hōspītal where there are manŷ sīck pēōplē.

Sometīmēs chīldrēn who are sīck are taken to the hōspītal. They stay there until they get well.



Ěvery day Ruth goes up to the hōspital to vīsit the sick childrēn.

She always goes into her garden first and picks as many flowers as she can cārry, — pansies, lilies, kingeups, daisies, roses, peas, and pinks.

These she takes to the hōspital and gives to the poor sick childrēn.

“Hurry up, childrēn,” she says. “Hurry up and get well. Then you shall come and see my garden. You shall pick for yourselves all the flowers you want.”

How glād the childrēn are to see Ruth. She cheers them and makes them happy all day.

---

Good morning, pretty rosebush,

I pray thee tell me true,

To be as sweet as a red, red rose,

What must a bodý do?

To be as sweet as a red, red rose,

A little girl like you

Just grows and grows and grows and grows,

And that's what she must do.

## THE WOOD VIOLETS

o u ful

“Mōdest as a vīōlet,  
As a rōsēbūd sweēt,  
Sūch a little girl as that  
Pēōplē like to mēēt.”

In the dēēp wōōds there was a plēāsant little shādȳ dēll. Throuȝh this dēll a tīnȳ brōōk ran on its way to the sēā, sīngīng as it ran.

Nēār the brōōk stōōd a big rōck, which was ōverrun with mōss and vīnēs. And besīdē the rōck, in a bēd of sōft, green mōss, grēw a bunch of wōōd vīōlets. They were as blue as the skȳ and as pretty as they could be.

The wīld vīōlets likēd their home in the stīll wōōds. They likēd the plēāsant little nōōk where they were grōwīng.

They had manȳ fřīēnds in the fōrest. Sometīmes the tīnȳ wōōd mīce would erēēp under their lēāvēs and play around them. Sometīmes beētles and butterflīēs would flȳ nēār and līght upon their blōssoms.

Wild rabbits would sometimes run swiftly by and brush the leaves of the violets almost rudely.

But the little violets were not angry. They liked all the animals and insects and birds in the woods.

They liked to hear the birds singing all day long in the treetops. They liked to hear the brook chattering and singing as it ran swiftly on.

Sometimes the violets were a bit restless and uneasy. They wanted to go with the brook.

"It is easy for you to be happy and cheerful," they said to the brook. "You are going to the city. You will see many new things."

"Be happy where you are," said the brook. "Be the best violets you can be just here where you are growing. You don't know how many people will see you here and be glad to see you. You don't know how many you can make happy."

So the violets listened and tried to do their best.

One pleasant summer evening they saw a little girl and her father walking up the dell. The little girl was dressed in a red cape with a hood. She looked like Little Red Riding Hood, but she was not. She was Ruth Baker.

Ruth and her father were taking a walk this pleasant summer evening. Ruth was reciting for her father a little poem that she knew.

“Down in a green and shādý dell  
A mōdest vīolet grew.”

“Why are vīolets called mōdest, father?” she asked.

“I suppōse,” said her father, “it is because they are not sō bright and gāydý as some flowers. They grōw in woodland plāces ālmōst out of sight.

“Their stalks are bent. They hāng their heads as if they would like to hīde. They never push themselves into the nōtīce of pēople. They never seem bold, but shý and bāshful and ālmōst tīmīd.”

“But vīolets are as pretty as they can be,” said Ruth. “I like them all the better for being mōdest.”

“Yes, so do I,” said her father, “and so does ālmōst ěvėry one.”

“Ōh, I hōpe we shall find some blue vīolets today,” said Ruth.

Just then they reachēd the big rōck by the sīde of the little chattering brook.



“Here in this shādý noók you may find some vīōlets,” said Ruth’s father. “Look all around in this little děll whilø I sit on the röck and rest.”

“Ōh, ōh!” eried Ruth, cläpping her hands. “Here is a bunch of vīōlets in a bēd of söft green möss. How plēasēd mother will be with them! May I pull some of the röøts, father?”

“Yes, you may pull some röøts,” äns~~w~~erēd her father. “You may sēt them out in your garden.”

Each little vīōlet was eäger to go. Each one

stood up as straight as it could, so that Ruth would not overlook it.

“There, little viōlets,” said the brook. “You see I told you the truth. Now you are going to help Ruth in making her mother happy.

“You ought to be very happy yourselves, for you will make Ruth happy and Ruth’s mother and I do not know how many other people.

“Every one you meet will be glad to see you. Wherever you go you will bring happiness. So, good-by, dear little flowers.”



## MARTHA BARTLETT'S PARTY

ä à Mrs. laugh

*Time* : A Märch afternoon.

*Place* : Märtha's home.

*Persons* : Märtha, Märgärët, Čōra, Frāncēs, Clāra,  
Bärnøý, Čärl, Märgëry, Māriä, Chärløš, Märtin,  
Pärkø, Frāncis, Märk, Cärter, Mrs. Bärtlëtt.

*Martha*. How do you do, boys and girls? Come in! Come in! I am vëry glad to see you!

Girls, plē~~ase~~ go up to my rō~~om~~ and take off your w~~ra~~ps. Boys, will you hā~~ng~~ your eō~~ats~~ and caps on the hat-tree?

Now all come into the s~~it~~ting room. I am so glad you could all come to my p~~ar~~tý.

*Maria*. We are all vëry gl~~ad~~ to come.

*Frances*. This is a good day for a p~~ar~~tý.

*Martin*. Yes, I like to play indō~~ors~~ on a stō~~rm~~y day.

*Clara*. How the wind blō~~w~~s!

*Margaret*. How f~~as~~t it is snowing!

*Francis*. You can h~~ard~~ly see the p~~ath~~.



*Martin.* I like to see the snow fall so fast.

*Martha.* Now, what should you all like to play?

*Margery.* Let us tell stōriēs.

*Parke.* Yes, let us tell stōriēs! Ėōra, you must be the stōrŷ-teller.

*Maria.* Yes, Ėōra, you can tell stōriēs well.

*Carter.* Yes, Ėōra, you must tell a story.

*Parke.* Let us play that she is grandmā.

*Frances.* We will drēss her up as grandmā.

*Margaret.* You must put on a lōng drēss, Ėōra.



*Martha.* Here is a shawl to fasten over her shoulders.

*Charles.* She must have a cap.

*Carl.* Put a scarf around her neck.

*Barney.* You ought to be knitting, grandmä.  
Will some one get her some knitting?

*Margaret.* May we have some eye glasses for her, Märtha? Mȳ grandmä has eye glasses.

*Martha.* Yes, mother has some eye glasses.  
Carl, please go and ask mother if we may take her eye glasses. Tell her we will not break them.

*Carter.* Now, grandmä, take a seat on this sōfa.

*Frances.* Are you all ready? Let us sit down on the carpet and listen.

“*Grandma.*” Once there was a great king who lived fär, fär away.

This king was very rich. He had a big crown of gold. There were rubies and garnets and diamonds in his crown.

He wore a gold chain around his neck, and he had a ruby ring and a garnet ring and a diamond ring.

His rōbē was vĕřý lōng and splēndīd. It was māđē of red vĕlvĕt trimmēd with gōld lāčē and gōld frīngē. His slippērs were red vĕlvĕt with bright gōld būcklēš.

One day this grēāt king went to dinner. The māđ brōuđht in a big, big pīē in a gōlden dish, whīch she plāčēd upon the tāblē.

The pīē had a thīck, flāký erüst and it looked good. The king thōuđht he was going to have a rēāl trēāt. He tōk up his silver eārving knīfē and bēgan to eūt the pīē. Then he stōppēd and listēnēd.



“Härk,” he said, “what do I hear? I hear a little twittering sound. What can it be?”

Then he māde a little hōlē in the pīē, and out flew a bläckbird. It began to sing.

Then another flew out and another and another. There were twēntý-fōur bläckbirds in all, and they all began to sing. They flew around the room singing sweetly all the timē.

The king was věry mūch pleased. He would rather hear the birds sing than to eat them.

Was not that a pretty dish to sēt before a king?

*Frances.* Oh, Cōra, we know where you found that story.

*Martin.* Yes, you found that in Mother Ġoosē's rhýmē, “Sing a Sōng of Sixpēncē.”

*Carl.* Who was Mother Ġoosē, Cōra?

*Cora.* I do not know who she was.

*Martha.* Let us ask mother. Mämmā, who was Mother Ġoosē?

*Mrs. Bartlett.* It is said that there was an old lādý by that name in Bōstōn lōng, lōng agō.

This old lādý offēn sāng little rhýmēs to her grandchild and to other childrēn. In fine wēather

she would sit on the sidewalk with a group of little children at her knē. She told stōriēs and made rhȳmēs which always delighted them.

The children liked to listēn to thēsē stōriēs as they were told over and over.

They never tīrēd of hēaring that Jack and Jill went up the hill, or that the dish ran away with the spoon. Again and again they hēard that little Jack Hōrner sat in a cōrner and that Little Miss Müffēt sat on a tüffēt.

The little children who hēard the rhȳmēs soon knew them by hēart. They would go home and say them to the bābiēs, and the bābiēs would laugh, and the fathers and mothers would laugh.

The stōriēs and rhȳmēs becāmē věry fāmōus. At lāst they were printēd, and sinçē then they have been printēd again and again.

Now they are in many, many children's books, and children ěvěrywhere are always delighted with them.

And now, Mārtha, are your little frĕnds rēady for rĕfrĕshmēnts?

*Martha.* Oh, yes, mamma, we are all ready.

*Mark.* May we help pass the rēfrēshmēnts, Mrs. Bārtlētt? Frāncīs and I will help Mārtha.

*Mrs. Bartlett.* Yes, Mārk, you may pass the iççerēam. Mārtha will pass the eākē. Here is a bāsket of fruit. Frāncīs, you may pass that. Now, boys, you have passed the iççerēam and the fruit to all the children. Sit down, and have some yoursēlves. Take some eākē, too, boys.

*Martha.* Mammā, may we dāncē after our rēfrēshmēnts?

*Mrs. Bartlett.* Yes, you may dāncē. Shall I play for you?

*All.* Oh yes, Mrs. Bārtlētt, plēasē play for us.

*Margery.* Play a pōlka, plēasē, Mrs. Bārtlētt.

*Mrs. Bartlett.* Yes, I will play a pōlka, then I will play a two-step.

*Cora.* It is nīnē ō'clock. I think we ōught to go home now. We have had a very plēasant ēvening. Thank you, Mrs. Bārtlētt. Thank you, Mārtha.

*All.* We have spent a very plēasant ēvening. Thank you, Mārtha. Good-night, Mrs. Bārtlētt. Good-night, Mārtha. Good-night, all.



WHERE GO THE BOATS?

## WHERE GO THE BOATS?

Dark brown is the river,  
    Golden is the sand,  
It flows along forever  
    With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,  
    Castles of the foam,  
Boats of mine a-boating —  
    Where will all come home?

On goes the river  
    And out past the mill,  
Away down the valley,  
    Away down the hill.

Away down the river,  
    A hundred miles or more,  
Other little children  
    Shall bring my boats ashore.

— Robert Louis Stevenson

## BRUNO AND LUPUS

One moonlight evening Bruno, the dog, was walking in the forest. He chanced to meet Lupus, the gray wolf.

"Good evening, Čoŭšŭn Lupus," said he. "This is a very pleasant evening. I am sorry to see that you are growing thin. Whŷ are you so thin, čoŭšŭn?"

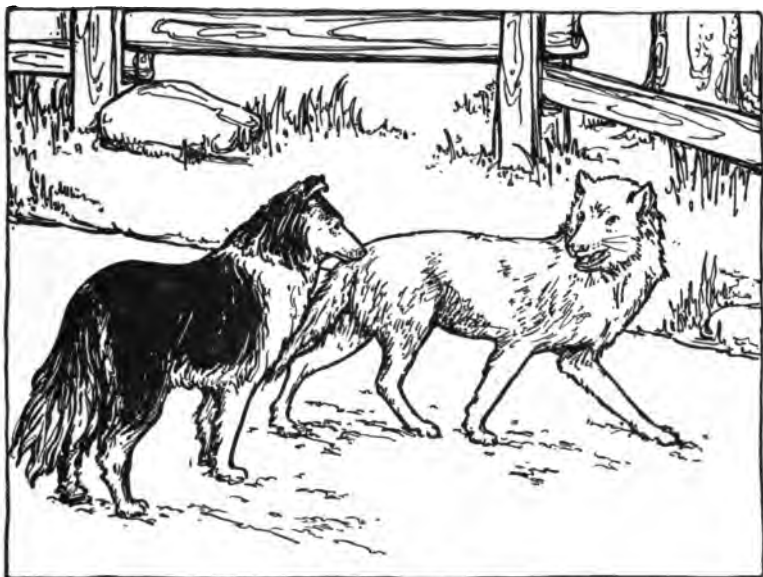
"Because I do not have all I want to eat," replied Lupus.

"You should go hunting, čoŭšŭn," said Bruno. "You should try to catch a fat rabbit or a plump partridge for your supper every night."

"The rabbits are so spŕy, I can never catch one," said Lupus, "and the partridges are so shy, I hardly ever see one. I have not caught even a mouse for two days. You are very fat, Bruno. I suppose you have all you want to eat."

"Oh, yes, I have more than I want sometimes, and I do not have anything to do but guard the house and barn at night. Mŷ master is very kind to me. I have a good home."





“You are a lůcký dog, Brunō,” said Lupus.  
“I should like as good a home.”

“Come and lívě with me, ořůšín,” said Brunō.  
“You will have all you want to eat at our house.”

“Thank you,” said Lupus. “You are věřý kind inděd. I should like to go with you at once.”

So Lupus and Brunō trůtted away down the růd toěther.

They had not gōnə fār when Lupus said pōlitely,  
“Pārdōn me, Brūnō, may I āsk what has made  
that mārķ arōund your nēck?”

“That is where my chāīn rūbs my neck,” rē-  
plied Brūnō. “My māster sometīmes fāstēns me  
to my kēnnēl with a chāīn.”

“Would he put a chāīn on my nēck?” āskəd  
Lupus. “Would he fāstēn me to the kēnnēl?”

“Yes, you would have to be chāīnəd a pārt of  
the tīmē,” said Brūnō.

“Then I will not go with you,” said Lupus.  
“I wōld rāthēr be frēē. I do not want to be  
bound with a chāīn. Ēvən if I have little to eat,  
I wōld rāthēr be frēē. You may go bāck to your  
māster. I will rēmāīn in the fōrest.”

## WHAT THE CLOCK SAYS

minute

Here's an ěmptý little minute,

Put a little sunshīnē in it,

Here's an hōur — is it lōng?

Fill it full of work and sōng.

## A WISE KING

ār ēr ěar ĩr ōr ūr

There was a ĉertain king who wishēd all his pēople to have good hābits.

“It is the īdlē and shiftless,” he said, “who have what they call ‘bad lūck.’ Those who are willing to wōrk and to spend wisēly have ‘good lūck.’ I want my pēople to lēarn thrift. And I want them to sērvē others as well as to wōrk for themsēlvēs.”

So this wisē king thōught he would teach the pēople a lēssōn.

Ēarly one morning he told his sērvant to put a big stone in the rōād nēār the ĉastle. He wishēd to know whēthēr or not any of his pēople would mōvē that stone out of the way.

Then the sērvant was to hīdē behīnd the hēdgē and see what would hāppēn.

The fīrst who came in sight was a farmēr on his way to wōrk.

“Now just see that stone,” he mūttēred. “Nō-bōdŷ will take the trōblē to mōvē it. I shall

have to tŭrn out with my hĕāvŷ lōād in ôrdĕr to get arōund it."

So he tŭrnĕd out with his hĕāvŷ lōād. Then he plōddĕd ālōng down the rōād.

Sōōn āftĕrwārd a mĕrchānt came in sight. He was just stārting on a lōng jōŭrnĕŷ.

"Oh, these shĭftlĕss pĕōplĕ!" he erĭĕd. "I suppōsĕ that stone will liĕ there for thĭrtŷ days. I suppōsĕ I shall find it here when I rĕtŭrn from my jōŭrnĕŷ."

A little lātĕr a gāŷ sailōr boy came sāŷntĕring ālōng. He was singing a mĕrrŷ sōng. He did not see the stone, and he stŭmblĕd over it and fĕll down in the dust.

He rōsĕ to his fĕĕt and bĕgān to brŭsh the dust from his elōthĕs, seōlding all the whĭlĕ.

"How fōōlish pĕōplĕ are! They have no mōrĕ sĕnsĕ than to lĕāvĕ a big stone in the rōād."

Then the sailōr boy went slōwly on. He was too erōss to sing any mōrĕ that day.

Just at night Pĕtĕr, a fārmĕr boy, came whĭstling ālōng. He had been at wōrk all day and he was tĭrĕd. But when he saw the stone he stōppĕd.



“Some one might stūmblē over that stone,” he said, “and be hūrt. I must get it out of the way.”

At first he could not stīr it. But he pūshēd and pullēd and tūggēd and at lāst he tūrnēd it over. Then he tūrnēd it over again, and then again. Fīnally he rōllēd it out of the rōad.

There on the ground lay a pūrsē, which had been hīddēn under the stone. On the pūrsē were writtēn thēsē wōrds:

“For the one who movēs the stone.”

And in the pūrsē were ten gōld pļēčēš which were wōrth many dōllārs.

Just then the king's sērvant came from his hīding plācē.

"The pūrsē is yours," he said to Pētēr. "You have ēarnēd it and you dēsērvē to have it."

Soon āftērward the king callēd his pēoplē to mēēt him at his eāstlē gātēs on a čērtāin day. The farmēr, the mērchant, the sailōr, and all who had seen the stone in the rōād came at the king's bīdding. The king said:

"My good sīrs, you all saw that stone in the rōād. You knew it was in ēvērybōdý's way. But not one would take the trōūblē to mōvē it."

Then he told Pētēr to stēp fōrwārd.

"Here is the lād who did take the trōūblē to mōvē it.

"And here is the pūrsē of gōld which he ēarnēd so well. He dēsērvēs to have the pūrsē and he dēsērvēs the hōnōr which we give him. He trīēd to sērvē others and he has sērvēd himself.

"Go to your homes, my good pēoplē, and do not forget the lēssōn you have lēarnēd."

## THE WIND

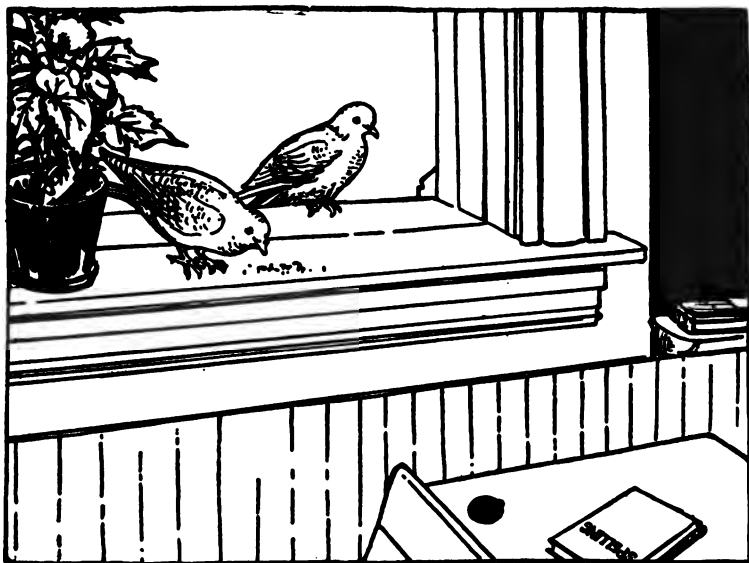
young

I saw you t~~oss~~ the k~~ite~~s on high  
And bl~~ow~~ the birds about the sk~~y~~,  
And all around I heard you p~~ass~~  
Like l~~adie~~s' sk~~irt~~s aeross the gr~~ass~~ —  
O wind, a-bl~~ow~~ing all day l~~ong~~,  
O wind, that sings so loud a s~~ong~~!

I saw the different things you did,  
But always you yourself you hid,  
I felt you push, I heard you call,  
I could not see yourself at all —  
O wind, a-bl~~ow~~ing all day long,  
O wind, that sings so loud a song.

O you that are so str~~ong~~ and cold,  
O bl~~ow~~er, are you young or old?  
Are you a beast of field and tree  
Or just a str~~ong~~er child like me?  
O wind, a-bl~~ow~~ing all day long,  
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

— Robert Louis Stevenson.



## OUR DOVES

ó

Our schoolroom is a pleasant place. We have pretty plants in every window.

And now I will tell you something that you would never guess. We have some pets at school. Our pets are two pretty doves.

One stormy morning in the month of March, two doves flew to our window ledge. They peeped shyly into the window. Then they flew away.



In the afternoon our teacher put some corn and oats on the window ledge. Before long the doves flew down to get the grain. Every day after that we scattered grain on the window ledge, and every day the doves came to get it.

One morning they came to the open window and peeped into the room. We all sat as still as mice. We wondered what the birds would do.

After a while one of them flew to the desk in front of me. He looked at me shyly.

Then the other dove flew into the room. When they found that there was nothing to fear, they walked around the room.

Our teacher said that the boys in the carpentry class might make a house for the doves. She said brown would be a good color for it.

So we made a house and painted it brown.

Above the door we painted the word "Dovecote." We put the dovecote in a sunny corner of the window ledge.

The doves walked slowly into their new house and looked into every corner. They seemed to like it very much indeed.

Our teacher placēd a little bāskēt of strāw on a shēlf nēār the wīndōw. "I wōnder," she said, "if the dōvēs will make their nēst so nēār us." Then we all went on with our lēssoṇs.

By and by one of the dōvēs pērchēd on the wīndōw sill. He flew to the shēlf and pūllēd a strāw from the bāskēt. He cārriēd it in his bill to the dōvēcōtē. Then he came in to get another strāw. He came again and again. The other dōvē stāyēd in the house, and with the strāws she bēgan to būild her nēst.

We thōught the dōvēs would like to have their house cōvērēd with vīnēs. So we plantēd morning-glōrȳ seeds in pōts and put them on the wīndōw lēdgē.

When the little brown house is cōvērēd with vīnēs, it will look pretty. We are glād that the dōvēs like their house. We are glād that they like to be nēār us.

## THE BROWN THRUSH

'There's a mērrŷ brown thrūsh sitting up in  
the tree,

He's singing to me! He's singing to me!  
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?  
"Oh, the wōrld's running over with joy!  
Dōn't you hear? Dōn't you see?  
Hūsh! look! in my tree!

I'm as happy as happy can be!"

And the brown thrūsh keeps singing, "A nest  
do you see,

And five ēggŷ hid by me in the junīpēr tree?  
Don't mēddlē! Don't tōuch! little girl, little  
boy,

Or the wōrld will losē some of its joy!

Now I'm glad! Now I'm free!

And I always shall be,

If you never bring sōrrōw to me."

So the mērrŷ brown thrūsh sings away in  
the tree,

To you and to me, to you and to me.

— Lucy Larcom

## THE KING OF THE FOREST

The lion is a vĕřý lárge and stróng animal and vĕřý bráve. He is called the king of beasts because he is so lárge and stróng and so bráve.

But he is not a vĕřý good king, as you will see by the föllówing stóř.

There was once a lion in the förest which was in the hábit of eating up other animals. He would call them to his děn one áfter another, and they would have to come and be eaten.

One morning the lion called loudly for the fox. He was vĕřý hűngřý and he was in a hűrrý for his breakfast.

But the fox was in no hűrrý to come at the king's command. He said to himself, "Now I must sáve myself if I can. I will set my wits at work and see if I cannot think of a plan to sáve myself."

So he did not hűrrý on his way to the lion's děn. He went along slowly, thinking just what he would do and what he would say.



At last he reached the dōr of the dēn, where the lion sat wāīting for him.

“Good-morning, King Līon,” said he, “I am sōrry to be late. I hēard you call and I intended to come at once. It is rēally not my faūlt that I am late.

“As I was coming here I mēt another lion. He lives in this fōrest and he says that he is the māster here. He says that he is the king of all the beasts and that you are his sērvant like all the rest of us.”

"What?" rōared the lion. "What is that you say? Who says that I am not the king? Where is that lion? I will shōw him who rules in this fōrest."

"If you will come with me," said the fox, "I will take you to the plāce where I met him."

Then the fox led the lion to a little glēn in the fōrest.

"Here," said he, "is the plāce where I met him. He is gōne, but you could call him and he would come back. He would be ōbliged to come if you called him, for you are king of the fōrest."

Then the lion rōared as loudly as he could. He heard another rōar, which seemed to come from the other side of the glēn. It was an ēchō, but the lion did not know anything about ēchōes.

"Come over here," rōared the lion.

"Over here," answered the ēchō.

"Come and shōw yourself," rōared the lion.

"Shōw yourself," answered the echo.

"I will fight you," roared the lion.

"Fight you," answered the echo.

The lion was věry āngry. "I will find that

lion," he growled. "I will show him who rules in this forest."

He shook his mane with anger, then he began to run. He ran as fast as he could down the hill and across the glen.

The fox watched him until he was out of sight.

"I will leave him to find that other lion," said he.

Then, laughing slyly, he trotted back to his own home in the forest.

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The lion did not call for the fox again for several days. Then he called loudly.

Again the fox delayed his coming as long as he could. At last he came forward and at once began to speak.

"Did you find that lion the other day, King Lion?" he asked.

"No," answered the lion, "he kept running away from me. The farther I went, the farther he would go. He did not want to meet me. He was afraid to meet me. No doubt he has left the forest before this time."



“No, he has not gōnē,” said the fox. “I saw him this morning on my way here. He says that he rulēs in this fōrest. He says that you are not the king and never will be.”

“Did he say that?” rōarēd the lion in a rāgē. “Take me to the plācē where you mēt him.”

Then the fox lēd the lion a lōng way througħ the wōōds.

At lāst they came to a well, where the fox stōppēd. He went up to the well and lookēd into it, then drew bāck.



"Yes," he said, "he is there still. You will see him if you look down there."

The lion looked into the water and saw, as he thought, another lion. What was it that he really did see?

"Yes, there he is," roared the lion. He shook his mane with anger. The other lion shook his mane.

"I will show you," roared the lion, "I will show you who is king in this forest."

He jumped with all his might over the edge of the well. Down, down he went into the deep water. Splash! Splash! Splash!

Nothing was ever heard of that lion again. The other animals were left in peace. It is said that ever afterward they were happy and comfortable as long as they lived.

## WHICH LOVED MOTHER BEST?

"I love you, mother," said little John;  
Then forgetting his work, his cap went on,  
And he was off to the garden swing,  
Leaving his mother the wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rōsŷ Nēll,  
"I love you bētter than tōngue can tēll."  
Then she tēased and pouted hālf the day,  
Till all were glād when she wēnt to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan,  
"Today I will hēlp you all I can.  
How glād I am that school does not kēep!"  
And she rōcked the bābe till it fēll asleep.

Then, stepping sōftly, she brōught the broom,  
And swēpt the flōor and tidied the room;  
Busy and hāppy all day was she,  
Hēlpful and hāppy as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said,  
Three little children all going to bed.  
How do you think that mother guessed  
Which of them really loved her best?

— Joy Allison.

## PART II



### A TRIP TO ROYAL ISLAND

oi      oy

Roy and Ärthūr live nēār the sēā. They have a boat of their ōwn. They are good little boatmēn, but they never rōw fār from the shōrē. They rōw about in a little bāy where the water is shāllōw. .

There is a small īsland in the bāy that they call their own. Whenever they go to this īsland, their older brother, Pāul, goes with them.

Roy says that the island is a good place for boys to play. "We can make all the noise we like out there," he says. "When we are on the island, we do not annoy any one with our noise."

One day their city cousins, Anna, Katherine, and Herbert, came to make them a visit.

"May we go to the island and spend the day, mother?" asked Roy. "Paul says he will take us in his big boat if we may go."

"Yes," answered his mother. "You may go. You can dig some clams and have a clam chowder for dinner. There are Maude and Charles Clifton in their rowboat. You may invite them to join you, Roy. Call to them, Roy."

"Ahoy! Ahoy! ship ahoy!" shouted Roy. "We are all going to the island for a picnic. We should like to have you go with us."

Maude and Charles were very much pleased to join the little party. In a short time the children were ready to start for the island.

"You must be the captain, Paul," said Roy. "We boys will be the crew. The girls may be passengers today."

"All aboard, then," said Paul in a loud, clear voice. "All aboard for Royal Island. Sailors, steer straight for Point Comfort on Royal Island."

"I can see a red cask out there in the sea," said Herbert.

"That is a buoy," said Paul. "It is put there as a warning to sailors. It is to warn sailors to avoid the rocks."

"I am glad there are no rocks in our bay," said Roy.

"Well, here we are at Royal Island," said Paul. "We have had a safe voyage. Row the boat into the cove, sailors."

The boys mooved the boat, and the children all went ashore.

"Now," said Roy, "we will dig some elams for dinner. I hope you will be the cook, Paul, for you can make good elam chowder."

"Yes, I will be the cook," said Paul, kindly. "I will make a fire to boil the chowder while you are digging the elams."

"May I help you make the chowder, Paul?"

asked little Kāthērīnē. "I can make oystēr brōth and I can boil eggs."

"I have heard pēōplē say, Kāthērīnē," said Hērbert, "'Too many eōōks spoil the brōth.'"

"You may hēlp me unpāck the lunch bāskēt, Kāthērīnē," said Pāyl. "I will appoint you head wāītrēss."

"Girls, you might look for sēāshēlls," said Roy. "We have shēlls for dishēs when we eat dinnēr on the īsland."

The boys dūg the elāms, Pāyl made the chow-dēr, and sōōn dinner was rēādȳ. Each chīld had a big shēll for a sōup plātē and a little eōcklē-shēll for a spōōn.

"I think our cāptāīn is a good eōōk," said Ānnā.

"And our eōōk is a good cāptāīn," said Roy.

"Thank you, thank you," said Pāyl.

When it was time to go home, the cāptāīn said, "We have all ēnjoyēd the picnic. Let us give three chēērs for Royal īsland."

Then the chīldrēn gave three roușing chēērs.

"Now all abōārd for home," said Pāyl.

## THE SUN AND THE WIND

ū ēw ure

The sūn and the wind had a dīspūte. The sūn said, "I am strōngēr than you are." The wind said, "No, indēd, I am strōngēr than you are."

They argūed and argūed, but nēithēr could prove that he was strōngēr than the other.

One bēautiful day in Januāry the sūn saw a man wāalking down the āvenūe.

"Now, Mr. Wind," he said, "tr̄y your strēngth. Let me see you take off that man's cōat."

"Ohō!" cried the wind. "I can ēasily do that."

So he rūshed down the āvenūe. He blew a blāst that unfastened the man's cōat.

"I will blōw a fēw mōre blāsts," he said, "and the cōat will be off."

Then he pulled and tūggēd at the cōat, but he could not pull it off. He blew fūrīously. He blew mōre and mōre fūrīously. But the man drēw the cōat elōsēr about him and fāstened it.

Then the wind said to the sūn, "I have made a failure. There is no use for me to try any longer to get off the man's coat. You may try your strength, Mr. Sūn."

So the sūn sent down his warm rays on the man's shoulders. "How warm the sūn is!" said the man. "The wind has stopped blowing. It is a beautiful day."

The sūn's rays seemed warmer and warmer. Soon the man unfastened his coat. "Well, well," said he, "it is like a day in spring. This suit of clothes is too heavy for this weather."

The sūn's rays beating down upon the man's shoulders seemed warmer and warmer.

At last the man said, "I cannot endure this hot sūn any longer with my coat on."

Then he took off his coat and walked on down the avenue.

The sun had proved that he was stronger than the wind. By gentle means instead of by harsh ways he was able to do what the wind could not do.





## WYNKEN, BLYNKEN AND NOD

Wŷnkĕn, Blŷnkĕn and Nŏd one night

Sailĕd ŏff in a wŏddĕn shŏĕ,

Sailĕd ŏff on a rĭvĕr of mĭsty light

Into a sea of dĕw;

“Where are you going and what do you wish?”

The old mŏŏn askĕd the three;

“We have come to fish for the hĕrring fish

That live in the bĕ~~au~~tĭful sea;

Nĕts of silvĕr and gold have we,”

Said Wŷnkĕn, Blŷnkĕn and Nŏd.

The old moon laughēd and sāng a sōng,  
As they rōckēd in the wōōden shōō.  
And the wind that spēd them all night lōng  
Rūflēd the wāvēs of dēw.  
The little stārș were the hērring fish  
That livēd in the bēāūtīful sea;  
"Now cāst your nēt wherever you wish,  
Never afēārēd are we."  
So erīēd the stārș to the fishermēn three,  
Wŷnkēn, Blŷnkēn and Nōd.

All night lōng their nēts they thrēw  
To the stārș in the twīnkling fōām,  
Then down from the skŷ came the wōōden shōō  
Brīnging the fishermēn home.  
'Twas all so pretty a sail it seemēd  
As if it could not be,  
And some fōlks thōught 'twas a drēām they'd  
drēāmēd,  
Of sailing that bēāūtīful sea;  
But I shall name you the fishermēn three,  
Wŷnkēn, Blŷnkēn and Nōd.

Wŷnkĕn and Blŷnkĕn are two little ēyēs,  
 And Nōd is a little head,  
 And the wōddēn shōē that sailēd the skīēs  
 Is a wēē one's trūndlē bed;  
 So shŭt your ēyēs whilē Mōthēr sings  
 Of wōndērful sights that be,  
 And you shall see the bēāūtīful things  
 As you rock in the mistŷ sea, —  
 Where the old shōē rōckēd the fishērmēn thrēe,  
 Wŷnkĕn, Blŷnkĕn and Nōd.

Courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons.

— Eugene Field

## GOLDEN HAIR AND THE THREE BEARS

âr      âir      êir      êar

size

Once there was a little girl who was callēd  
Gōldēn Hâir.

Of cōūrsē Gōldēn Hâir was not her rēal name.  
 She was callēd Gōldēn Hâir at home, for her hâir  
 was as yellow as gold.

One morning bright and ēarly, Gōldēn Hâir  
 thōught she would take a walk in the wōddē.

She wished vĕřý mŭch to find some wild flowers. She had not ġonĕ fār when she came to a pāth. She fōllōwĕd the pāth on and on until she came to a lŏg eābĭn.

This eābĭn was a eūrĭŏus little bŭilding. It was made of lŏgs lŭing one abōvĕ the other.

Ġoldĕn Hāir had never seen a house like that, and she wished vĕřý mŭch to go in and look around.

She went up to the dŏŕ, which was ōpĕn. She knŏckĕd, but no one came to the dŏŕ. She wāitĕd a mŏmĕnt; then she went in.

Ġoldĕn Hāir knĕw vĕřý well that she ōught not to go into the house. But she said to herself, "I don't eārĕ, I will go in. I want to see the insĭdĕ of this funny little house."

If she hād knŏwn who livĕd in that funny little house, pĕrhāps she would not have ġonĕ in. Who do you suppŏsĕ did live there? It was the home of three bĕars. One was a vĕřý lārgĕ finĕ bĕar; one was a mĭddlĕ-sized bĕar; and one was a tĭnŭ small bĕar.

These three bears had ġonĕ out for a wālk in



the forest. They wishēd to find some bluebērrīes. Bears like blueberries vērŷ mŭch.

Now when they went out, they lēft thēir brēakfast rēadŷ upon the tāblē. There were three bōwls of pōrridge on the table. There was a very lārgē fine bōwl for the very large fine bēar. There was a mīddlē-sizēd bōwl for the mīddlē-sizēd bear. There was a tiny small bowl for the tiny small bear.

Thēir three chāirs stōod at the tāblē. One was a very large fine chāir for the very large

fine bear; one was a middle-sized châir for the middle-sized bear; and one was a tiny small châir for the tiny small bear.

Golden Hair sat down in the very large fine châir. This was too hârd for her. She sat down in the middle-sized châir. This was too sôft for her. She sat down in the tiny small chair. This was nēȝther too hard nor too soft, but just what she likēd.

Golden Hair now tâsted the pōrridge in the very large fine bōwl. This was too hōt for her. She tâsted the porridge in the middle-sized bowl. This was too cold for her. She tasted the porridge in the tiny small bowl. This was nēȝther too hot nor too cold, but just what she likēd; so she ate it all up.

Just as she finishēd eating the porridge, the tiny small châir in which she was sitting brōkēd down and fell to the flōōr.

Golden Hair now went upstâirs. There was a vērȝ lārgē finē bed for the very large fine bear, but Golden Hair found this too hârd for her. There was a middle-sized bed for the middle-

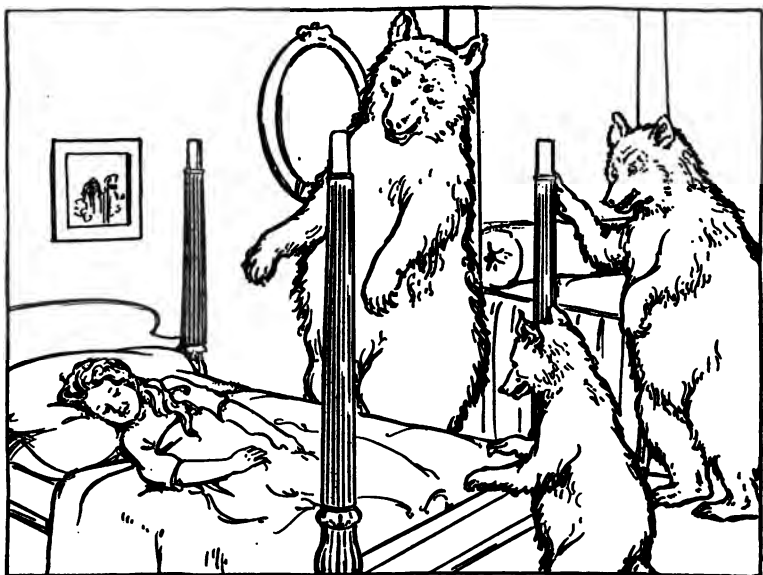
sized bear, but Golden Hair found this too soft for her. There was a tiny small bed for the tiny small bear, and this was nē~~th~~er too hard nor too soft, but just what she liked. In a little whilē Golden Hair was fast asleep.

Just then the three bears came back from their walk and ēntered the house.

"Somebödy has been sitting in my châir," eried the very large fine bear. "Somebody has been sitting in my chair," cried the middle-sized bear. "Somebody has been sitting in my chair and has bröken it down," cried the tiny small bear.

"Somebody has tästed my porridge," said the very large fine bear. "Somebody has tasted my porridge," said the middle-sized bear. "Somebody has tasted my porridge and has eaten it all up," said the tiny small bear.

The three bears now went upstâirs. "Somebody has been lying in my bed," said the very large fine bear. "Somebody has been lying in my bed," said the middle-sized bear. "Some-



body is in my bed," said the tiny small bear in his tiny small voicē.

This tiny small voicē awōkē little Golden Hair, who, seeing the three bears, was very much frightenēd. She jūmpēd from the bed and, running to the windōw, which was ōpēn, she jūmpēd out.

The three bears went to the window. 'They saw little Golden Hair running home as fāst as she could. They never saw her again.



## FROGS AT SCHOOL

Twēntŷ frōggies wēnt to schōol  
Down besīdē a rūshŷ pool;  
Twēntŷ little eōats of grēen,  
Twēntŷ vests all whitē and elēan.  
Māster Bullfrōg, grāvē and stērn,  
Cāllēd the clāssēs in thēir tūrñ;  
Tāught them how to noblŷ strīvē,  
Likewisē how to lēap and dīvē;  
From his seat upon the lōg,  
Shōwēd them how to sāy “Kēr-chōg!”  
Also how to dōdgē a blōw  
From the sticks that bād boys thrōw.  
Twēntŷ froggies grēw up fāst;  
Bullfrōgs they becāmē at lāst;  
Not one duncē amōng the lōt,  
Not one lessōn they forgōt;  
Pōlishēd in a hīgh dēgrēē,  
As each froggie ōught to be,  
Now they sit on other logs,  
Teaching other little frogs.

— George Cooper.



## THE BUSY BEES

x      ex      ex

Bees are busy little workers. They work from morning until night all through the long summer day. And they keep humming a cheerful song all the while they are at work.

The bees gather honey and pollen from the flowers. They make a honey-comb in which to

store the honey. They tend the baby bees carefully. They keep their houses clean and neat.

A bee house is called a beehive. It is a box made of wood or of plaited straw, with an opening through which the bees go in and out.

Bees live together in swarms. When they move into a new house they examine it carefully. They examine every corner of it. If they find a crack anywhere, they cement it with gum. They get the gum from poplar trees and from hollyhocks.

Bees do not like to have light or drafts in the hive. If they need fresh air, they fan it into the hive with their wings.

The honey-comb is made of wax. There are many tiny cells in the comb. Each cell has six sides.

Bees work in the hive in rainy weather. In pleasant weather they gather honey. They fly to the clover fields and visit the flower gardens. They get pollen as well as honey from flowers.

On their legs there are little baskets in which they carry the pollen. They mix pollen with honey and give this food to the baby bees.

On a pleasant morning in June we may see

a little bee creeping into some blossom. He puts the honey that he gets into his honey-bag and the pollen into his pollen basket. When he has gathered all he can carry, he goes home.

First he gives the pollen to the bees that mix it with honey for food. Next he goes to a clean cell into which he puts his honey. When this cell is filled, the bees seal it with wax.

The bees keep busily at work until late in the autumn. Then, when the sweet flowers are gone, they take a rest.

## THE BEE AND THE FLOWER

The bee flew up in the heat.

"I am faint for your honey, my sweet."

The flower said, "Take it, my dear,

For now is the spring of the year."

The bee flew up in the cold

When the flower was withered and old.

"Have you still any honey, my dear?"

She said, "It's the fall of the year."

— Alfred Tennyson.

## SEVEN TIMES ONE

young

There's no dēw left on the dāīsies and elōver,  
There's no rāīn left in hēāven;  
I've said my "sēvən tīmes" over and over;  
Sēvən times one are sēvən.

I am old, so old I can writē a letter;  
My birthday lēssōns are dōne;  
The lambs play alwāys, they know no bētter;  
They are only "one times one."

O mōon, in the night I have seen you sailing  
And shīning so round and lōw;  
You were bright, ah, bright! but your light is  
failing,  
You are nōthing now but a bōw.

You mōon, have you dōne something wrōng in  
hēāven  
That God has hīdden your fācē?  
I hōpē, if you have, you will sōon be fōrgiven,  
And shīne again in your plācē.

O vělvět beē, you're a dustŷ fēllōw,  
You've powderēd your lēgŷ with gōld!  
O brāvē mārsh mārŷ-būds, rīch and yellow,  
Give me your mōnēŷ to hold!

O eōlūmbīnē, ōpēn your folded wřāpper,  
Where two twin tūrtlē dōvēs dwell!  
O euckoō pīnt, tōll me the pūrlē elāpper  
That hāngs in your elēar green bēll,

And shōw me your nest with the young ones in it,  
I will not stēal them away,  
I am old! you may trust me, linnēt, linnet,  
I am sēven tīmēŷ one today.

— Jean Ingelow.



## THE CONTENTED SQUIRREL

q qu

There were once two little red squĩrrẽls that lĩvød in an apple ørchård.

They had made thẽir nest in a hølē in a big apple tree. Nẽar the ørchård there was a førest where they could fĩnd plẽnty of nũts.

The squĩrrẽls had many frĩends in the førest. They øftẽn vĩsĩted the quails and the pårtrĩdgẽs. They were well æcquāĩnted with the owls and erøwps and bluejāys in the trẽø tøps.

They likēd to go to the fōrest, but they were always glād to get home.

"How plēasant the ōrchārd is!" they would say. "Our apple tree is bēautiful. Our nest is warm and cōmfōrtablē."

The squīrrēls were quītē cōntēntēd and happy.

But one day Mr. Squīrrēl said, "I should like a lārgēr nest. If we had a dēeper hōlē, we could stōrē away mōrē nūts."

"Our nest holdz all the nūts that we nēd, Friskŷ," said Mrs. Squīrrēl. "We alrēādŷ have a quart of ācōrnz and a quart of bēchnūts. And there is rōom for manŷ mōrē."

"But I should like to livē in the quīēt fōrest," said Friskŷ. "The bluejāŷz that come here so ōffēn are vērŷ noīzŷ. I am tīrēd of hēaring them call, 'Jāŷ! Jay! Jay!'"

"Oh, we mūst not mīnd thēir noīzē," said Mrs. Squīrrēl. "You know we make some noīzē too."

One day Friskŷ was in the fōrest. He saw a grāŷ owl sitting in a big spruċē tree. He wantēd to chat with Mr. Owl a fēw mōmēnts, so he ran quīckly up the tree.



"Good morning, Mr. Owl," said he. "What a beautiful tree this is! You have a pleasant home here."

"Yes," said the owl, "this is a beautiful tree, and I have a good home. But the erows are very troublesome here."

"They talk to me and tease me when I want to sleep. I am tired of hearing them call 'Caw! Caw! Caw!' from morning until night."

"If I request them to be quiet, they say, 'You are a queer fellow. Why do you want to sleep in the daytime?'"

"Sometimes they play tricks upon me. They annoy me very much."

"Why do you stay here?" asked Frisky. "I would move to another place."

"Yes," said the owl, "I could move to another place, but I should find something to trouble me in every place. I do not want to leave my comfortable home. I shall try to be happy here."

That night, when the squirrels were eating their supper, Frisky said, "I have had a chat with Mr. Owl this afternoon. He says the erows

in the fōrest are vĕřý noisŷ and trøübløsome.  
They annoy him vĕřý mũch.

"I have lĕarnĕd today that there may be something unplĕasant in ĕvĕřý plāçĕ. Our ôrchārd is wārm and sunny. It is a plĕasant home, and we will be happy here."

### THE SQUIRREL'S PROBLEM

High on the brānch of a wālnūt tree

A bright-~~eyĕd~~ squĩrrĕl sat.

What was he thinking so ĕarnĕstly?

And what was he looking at?

The fōrest was green arōund him,

The sky blue over his head;

His nĕst was in a hōllōw lĩmb,

And his chĩldrĕn snũg in bed.

He was doing a prøblĕm ð'er and ð'er,

Busĩly thinking was he;

How manŷ nũts for this wĩntĕr's størĕ

Could he hĩdĕ in the hōllōw tree?



He sat so still on the swāying bough  
You might have thōught him asleep.  
Oh, no; he was trying to reckon now  
The nuts the babiles could eat.

Then suddenly he frisked about,  
And down the tree he ran.  
“The best way to do, without a doubt,  
Is to gather all I can.”

— Annie Douglas Bell.

## A NOVEMBER EVENING AT HOME

### Z

"It is time for Ůnelø Chärlø to be here," said Hærrý. "He prømisēd to come soøn äftēr supper."

"Oh, I do høpø he will bring his zithēr and play for us this ēvēning," said Ēlīzabēth.

"I høpø he will tell us a størý," said Ēlīzā.

"So do I," said Tēd. "I think Ůnelø Chärlø is the best størý-tellēr in the whølē wørld."

The childrēn think that the best time for størý-telling is a lōng wintēr ēvēning. Then they can sit äround the øpen firø in the sitting røøm. They like to gäzø into the firø as they listēn to the støriøz.

This was the fīrst cold night in Nøvēmber. There was a blāzing firø on the høärth.

Fűzzý-häir, the whītø kittēn, was aslēp on one sīdø of the firøplāçø, and Frīzzlø, the little dog, was døzing on the other sīdø.

Frīzzlø would sometimes øpen his øýøz and wīnk and blīnk at the firø. But he would quickly eløzø them again, for the firø-light was so däzzling.

Těd was at work on a word puzzle. Little Ěliza was looking at the pictures in "Härpěr's Bäzär." Härrý and Ělizaběth had just finished a game of chěckers.

"Mother," said Ělizaběth, "may I make some lěmonäde tonight?"

"Yes, inded," answered her mother, "we should all like some höt lěmonäde this cold night. You may bring some apples and nüts too."

"I will help you, Ělizaběth," said Härrý. "I will squeeze the lěmons for the lěmonäde."

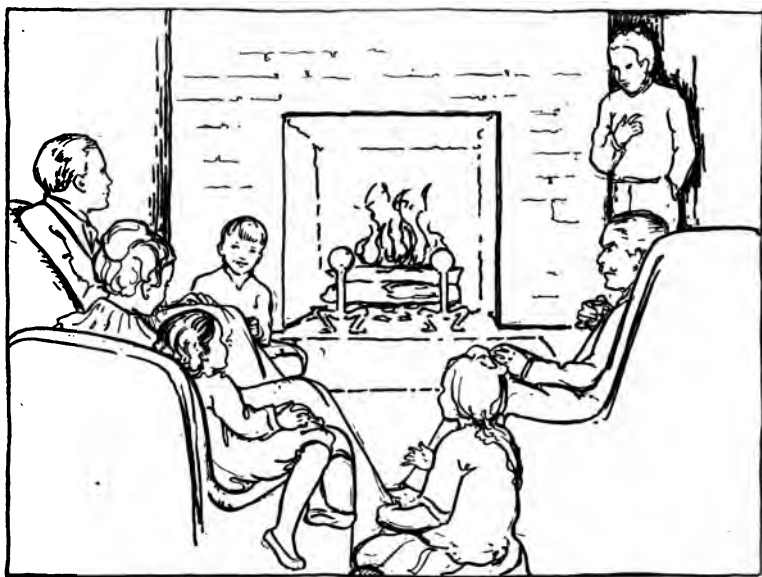
"I think our häzl nüts must be dry and good to eat by this time," said Ělizaběth.

Soon a step was heard on the plazza. The döor öpened and in came Ůnele Chärlie.

"What a cold night this is!" said he, as he joined the family group. "This morning, when I went to the öffice, the äir was söft and warm.

"At noon a eol breeze began to blöw from the nörth. By three ö'elöck the eol breeze had chänged to a cold wind. And now the mereüry is dröpping löwer and löwer."

"Is the mereüry down to zërö?" äsked Ted.



“No, not yet,” answered Ůnelø Chärlø, “but it is belōw the frēzing point.”

“I hōpø the rīvēr will be frōzøn over in the morning,” said Tēd. “Then we can have some skāting.”

“Here come Ēlīzabēth and Hārrŷ with the lēm-onādø,” erīød Ēlīzā.

“This lēm-onādø is a rēal trēat on a cold night,” said Ůnelø Chärlø.

“Now, Ůnelø Chärlø,” said Ēlīzabēth, “it is just the time for a stōrŷ.”

"Oh, yes! A stōřý! A stōřý!" cried all the childrēn.

"Tell us about the grizzlŷ bēars that you saw in the Rōckŷ Mountāns," said Těd.

"I like to hear about the zēbras and girāffes and other ānimals you saw in Āfricā," said Hārrŷ.

"I should like a fāirŷ stōřŷ," said Ēlīzā.

"Pērhaps," said Ūnelø Chārlīø, "you would all like to hear a stōřŷ which was told to childrēn hundředs of yēars ago. It was told befōř there were any stōřŷ bōks for childrēn to rēad.

"This stōřŷ is called 'The Pīd Pīpēr of Hamēlīn.'"

## THE PIED PIPER

women

There was a time lōng, lōng ago when the pēoplø in the cītŷ of Hamēlīn were grēātly trōublēd with rats. The annoying little crēāturēs were in ēvērŷ housø.

They gnawēd hōlēs through the walls of the housēs. They rōbbēd the pantriēs, they stōlē

grāīn from the horses and ōxōn. They annoyed the men, they tōrmēnted the women.

The town was rēally overrun with rats, and the pēōplē did not know how to get rīd of them. One day a strānger came to town, who said that he knew how to get rīd of the rats.

The man was a quēēr looking pērsōn. He wōrē a lōng red and yellow cōāt, and he had a red and yellow scārf around his nēck.

At the end of the scārf hūng a lōng rēd pīpē, for he was a pīpēr. He said he was called the Pīd Pīpēr becāuse his elōthēs were of vārīōus cōlōrs.

This strāngē man told the pēōplē that he could rīd the town of the trōūblēsōme rats. And he ōffered to do so if they would pay him a cērtāin sūm of mōnēy. This they glādly prōmised to do.

Then the pīpēr went into the strēēt and began to play upon his pīpē.

The rats heard the elēār, shrill mūsīc. They came running from the hōusēs; they fōllōwēd the pīpēr from strēēt to strēēt; they fōllōwēd him to the rīver; they ran into the rīver and were drownēd.





Then there was gr̃eat r̃ejoicing in the town. The p̃eople were ṽery gl̃ad, for now at l̃ast they were r̃id of the rats.

But they were not willing to do as they had pr̃omised to do. They would not give the pip̃er his m̃oney.

So he th̃ought he would punish them. Once m̃ore he began to play upon his pip̃e. This t̃ime the m̃usic was s̃oft and sweet.

All the little childr̃en in the town h̃eard the w̃onderful m̃usic. They came running into the streets; they d̃anced and skipped and el̃apped

thêir hands; they fôllôwêd the pîpêr, shouting and laughing mërrily.

“ All the little boys and girls,  
With rôşş chêeks and flăxên eûrlş  
And spărkling eyês and têeth like pêarlş,  
Tripping and skipping ran mërrily ăftêr  
The wôndêrful mûsic with shouting and laughter.”

The pîpêr mărchêd up the strêet pîping găyly.  
The childrên went with him laughing mërrily.  
The pîpêr playêd and the childrên dăncêd untîl  
they came to the mountăin.

Then a dôor in the side of the mountăin ôpênêd  
befôrê them. They all passêd thrôugh into a căvê  
beyônd, and the dôor was shût.

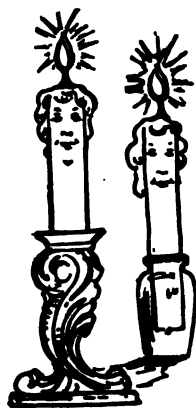
Now the pêoplê were vêry săd, for all the childrên  
were gônê. How they wishêd that they had kêpt  
thêir prômîsê to the pîpêr! They thôught that they  
would never see thêir little boys and girls again.

But there is a stôrÿ that the childrên all came  
băck. It is said that ăftêr a whîlê the pîpêr  
was sôrrÿ that he had taken them away. So he  
brought them all home again săfê and sound.

## THE CANDLES

There was once a grēāt wāx candle whīch was vērŷ prōud. "I give mōrø light and I bŭrn lōnger than any other candle," it said. "My plāçø is in a gōld candlestick, in the pärlōr of a rīch house."

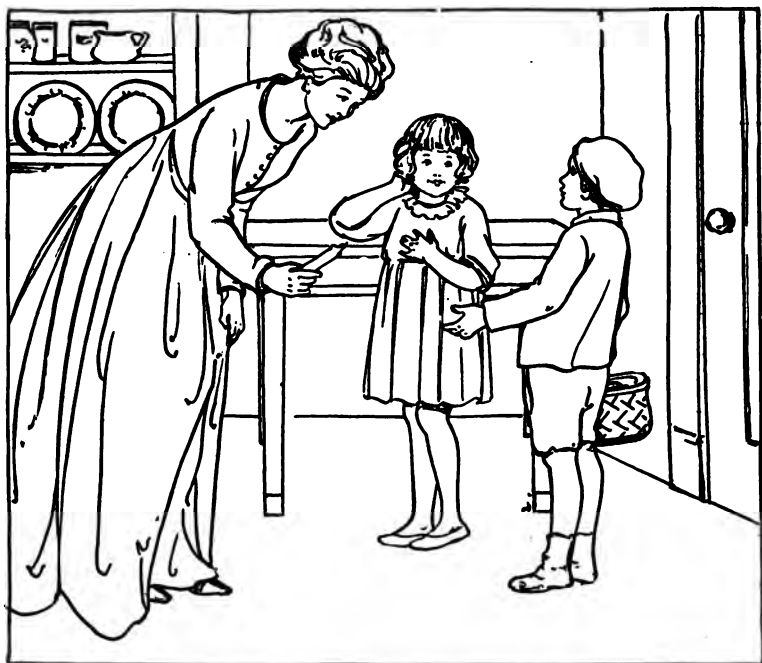
"That must be a chärming līfø," said a little tällōw candle. "I am ōnly a tällōw candle, but still I am happy; for I līvø in the kīŷchēn where all the fine dishēs of the house are eøøkøð."



"There are some things bētter than eating," said the wāx candle. "I see all the cømpāny that comes to the house. There is to be a pärtŷ this ēvøning, and I shall søøn be sēnt for."

Just then the wāx candle was sēnt for. But the tällōw candle was sēnt for too; the mīstrēss of the house cārriød it in her hand to the kīŷchēn.

There støød a little boy with a bāskēt of pōtā-tøøs, whīch the kind lādŷ had gīven him. There were a fēw apples in the bāskēt too.



“Here is a tällōw candle for you, my chīl,” she said. “Give it to your mother; for she sits up and wōrks fār into the night.”

“I am going to sit up fār into the night too!” said the lādȳ’s little daughter, who had hēard thēsē wōrds. “We are going to have a pārtȳ at our house, and I am to wear big red bows!”

How her ēȳes shōnē! Yes, here was hāppīness. No wāx candle could shīnē like this chīl’s ēȳes.

"That is a blessed thing to see," thought the tallow candle. "I may never again see any one so happy as that little girl. I shall never forget it."

Then the tallow candle was laid in the basket, and the boy took it home with him.

"Where am I going now?" it thought. "The wax candle will be in a gold candle-stick and will see the finest company, while I may not have any candle-stick at all. But this is what happens when one is tallow and not wax."

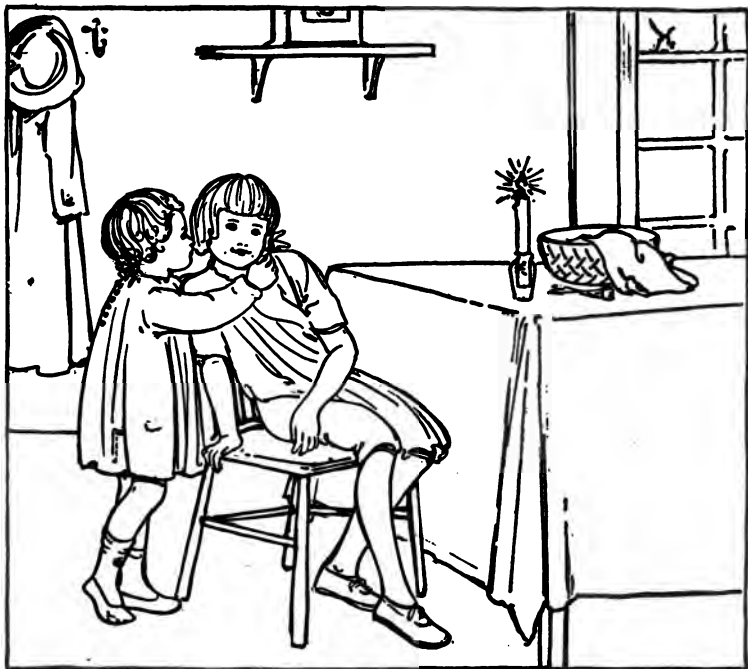
And so the tallow candle came to the poor mother who lived with her three children in a little house just opposite the rich house.

"God bless the good lady for this candle," said the mother as she lighted it.

Across the street the candles were lighted too. Up to the house came the carriages full of guests for the party. Then beautiful music was heard.

"Now they are beginning over there," thought the tallow candle. "But the eyes of that little girl were brighter than all those wax candles," it thought. "I shall never see such a sight again."

Then the smallest of the children in this poor



house came and put her arms around her sistēr's nēck. She had a sēcrēt to tell—it was a grēat sēcrēt; she must whispr it!

“We are going to have wārm pōtātōes for sup-  
per. Just think of it!” And her fācē shōnē  
with hāppiness. The tāllōw candlē could see  
right into her ēyēs. It saw that she was just as  
happy as the little girl aerōss the strēet.

"Is it so grēāt a thing to have wārm pōtātōēs?" thōught the tāllōw cāndlē. "Here is just the sāmē joy as that in the rīch house aerōss the way."

And it snēezed to think of it — that is, it spūtered, and no tāllōw cāndlē can do mōrē than that.

The tāblē was sprēād, the pōtātōēs were eatēn, and each child had an apple too. What a good fēāst it was!

Then the little childrēn gāvē thēir mother a goodnight kiss and went to bed, whilē the mother sewed fār into the night to ēarn a līving for them.

From the grēāt house aerōss the strēēt the lights shōnē and the mūsic sounded. But the stārs twīnklēd just as elēārly and just as kindly over the pōōr house as over the rīch house.

"It has been a happy ēvēning," thōught the tāllōw cāndlē. "I wōndēr if the wāx cāndlē in its gōld cāndlē-stick had any bēttēr tīmē. I should like to knōw that, before I am būrnēd out!"

And it thōught of the two happy fācēs — one just as happy as the other — the one lightēd by a wāx cāndlē, and the other by a tāllōw cāndlē.

— Hans Christian Andersen.



JAN AND HILDA



## JAN AND HILDA

a

Jan and Hilda live in Holland. They are little Dutch children. They have red cheeks, bright blue eyes, and flaxen hair.

They are happy little children. They like to play; they like to go to school; they like to work.

Jan says, "We do not want the brownies to do our work. We want to do it ourselves."

Jan works on the farm with his father, and he helps his mother too. He polishes the brass knocker on the front door. And he washes the windows until they shine.

Hilda washes the dishes and sweeps the kitchen and she takes care of her father's geese.

Every morning she drives the geese and the ducks to the big swamp or to the goose pond. She likes to hear the quacking of the ducks as they waddle along. She takes good care of the geese and does not let them wander away from the farm.

"Come, childrēn," said their fāther one plēas-  
ant āfternoon, "I am going to the town and you  
may go with me."

Jan and Hilda like nōthing bēttēr than a trip  
to town with thēir fāther. They were soon dressēd  
and readȳ to go.

Hilda wōrē a white līnēn cāp and a pretty blāck  
vēlvēt jāckēt. Jan wōrē a round cāp and a shōrt  
vēlvēt jāckēt trimmēd with big silvēr buttōns.

Bōth the childrēn wōrē wōddēn shōēs. Dūth  
childrēn ūsūally wēar slippers insidē the house,  
but out of dōōrs they wēar wōddēn shōēs.

So now Jan and Hilda in thēir wōddēn shōēs  
came clatterīng down the pāth.

They did not wālk to town. They did not go  
in a cārriāgē. They went in a boat on the canāl.  
There are many canāls in Hōlland, and pēōplē  
ōftēn go from plācē to plācē in boats.

There wēre many boats on the canāl that āfter-  
noon. Some of them cārriēd buttēr and chēēsē  
for the mārkēt. Some cārriēd frēsh vēgētāblēs  
for the pēōplē in the town. Many of them were  
pāssēngēr boats.

The children saw one boat that lookēd like a little house. It was gāyly pāynted in red and yellow and green. There were whītē cūrtaīns at all the wīndōws.

At one of the wīndōws a little boy and a little girl stoōd looking out. Nēār them sat thēir mother knitting. At another wīndōw thēir fāther sat rēāding his pāpēr.

There were many pretty whītē swāns swimming on the canāl. Besīdē the canāl were gārdens of bēāūtīful flowers. There were lārgē beds of dāf-fōdils and hīācīnths and tūlīps.

"How many wīndmills we can see!" said Hīlda. "How pretty they look pāynted in bright cōlōrs!"

"I like to wāch their big sails tūrning round and round," said Jan.

"Whī are there so many wīndmills in Hōlland, fāther?" āskēd Hīlda.

"We nēēd them in doing many kinds of wōrk," said her fāther. "We ūse them in grīnding grāīn, in sāwing wōd, in erūshing stōnē, and in pūmping water from the land into the canāls.

“You know that Hōlland lies nēār the sēā, and is lōw and flat. The land is so wet that we are obligēd to drāin it. We ūse the windmills for this pūrposē.

“By hārd wōrk and pērsēvērancē, all this swampy land has been mādē very fērtīlē.”

The childrēn like to have their fāthēr tell them about thēir eoūntrȳ. They ēnjoyēd thēir trip to town vērȳ mūch, and they sāv and hēard many new and interēsting things that day.

## PUSSY WILLOW SONG

Little Pussȳ Willōw,  
Būdding on the tree,  
When we see your fūzzȳ eōāt  
Blithē and gāy are we;  
For we know that spring has come,  
When you first appēār;  
Know that sōon the bluebird's call  
Joyfully we'll hēār.

## LONG, LONG AGO

y i

It is a warm day in August. The bees are buzzing and humming as they fly from flower to flower. Their gray wings glisten in the sunshine.

The cattle are grazing in the pasture. A light haze is on the hills beyond.

Daniël is sitting on the plaza at home reading his new book. It is a history of the United States.

Daniël is a big boy. He likes to read history. He wishes to learn all about his country. He is reading now about the Indians who once lived here. He likes to know how they lived and what they did.

In Daniël's book there are pictures of Indians and their homes. Their homes were called wigwags.

The Indian men spent much time in hunting and fishing. The women made bags and baskets and many curious things.



Have you ever seen any Indiān wampūm? It is a little rōpē or string of bēads wōven together. The Indiāns used wampūm for mōnēy.

Hundreds of yēars ago this cōuntry belonged to tribes of Indiāns.

By and by ships came from Spāin. Spāin is a cōuntry acrōss the sea. There were many Spaniārds on bōard.

The Indiāns had never seen any ships. They thought they were grēat whitē birds. And they had never seen a whitē man.

The Spaniārdš had hōrsēs and ġūnš. The Indians had never seen a hōrse ôr a ġun. They were afrāīd of them.

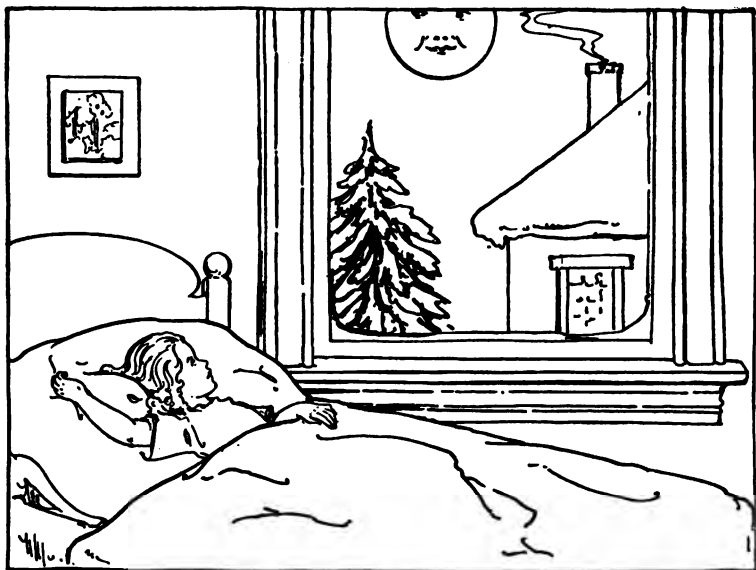
The Spaniārdš began to fight the Indians and to sēīzē thēir land.

The Indians were frīghtēd and ānxīus. Yēt they fōught brāvēly with thēir bōwš and ārrōwš. But the Spaniārdš quickly cōnquērēd them.

Sōon other whītē pēōplē came aerōss the sea. They tōk more land from the Indians.

Now there are millīonš and millīonš of whītē pēōplē in this cōuntry. They òwn nēārly all the land. Only a smāll pārt of it is lēft to the Indians.

The country is now called the Ūnited Stātes. Sometimes we call it "our ġlōrīōus Ūnion." Do you know the sōng, "The Ūnion, the Ūnion Forever"?



## A VISIT FROM SANTA CLAUS

e

Sāntā Clāvis never comes to our house until āfter I am sound aslēep. I am ālmōst sēven yēars old and I have never yēt seen him.

I should like vērŷ mūch to see him and his eighť tīnŷ reīndēer. I should like to hear his sleigh bēlls tīnkling in the night.

Lāst night I triēd vērŷ hārd to kēep awākē so that I might see him.



I pulled my bēd elōsē to the windōw. I rōllēd the windōw-shādē up as hīgh as I could. Thēn I erēpt into bēd and wāitēd.

I sāv the mōōn sailing through the skȳ. I sāv the mōōnlight on the snōw. I sāv the smōkē rīs-ing from Ēlsīē Ġrey's chimnēy.

Ēlsīē Ġrey is my little frīend. Her fāthēr is our nēārest nēghbōr.

I wātchēd the whītē smōkē eūrling up from Ēlsīē's chimnēy.

Then I must have fallēn aslēēp, for the next thing I knew was that the sun was shīning into my ēyēs. I hēard mother calling to me, "Mērry Christmas! Mērry Christmas!"

I ran down to the sitting rōōm to see what Sāntā Clāus had brōught me. My stōcking was full of prēsēnts.

I had some candȳ and nūts, and a blue hat and a blue vēil for my dōll. I had some knitting nēēdlēs and a skēin of red yārn and a skēin of whītē yārn and a skēin of blue yārn.

Sāntā Clāus brōught me a erōquet sēt too. Ēlsīē and I like to play erōquet togethēr.

My fāthēr's prēsents were a gold scārf pin and a dōzēn līnēn handkērchīfes.

My mother had a brōnzē clōck and a bōuquet of sweet flowers.

How did Sāntā Clāus know that I can knit, I wōnder? I am going to knit some rēd, whīte, and blue reīns for Wīllīe Peytōn's rōcking hōrse.

Sāntā Clāus wrōte me a letter too. He says he hōpes that I will be a good girl and will ōbey my pārēnts.

It will be a whole year befōre dear old Sāntā Clāus will come to our house again. I do hōpe that I shall see him when he comes next tīme.





## VENICE, "THE CITY OF THE SEA"

### I

One day Ġuġdō and his two little sisters, Lovise and Mārie, had been looking at pictures in a māgazīnē.

When the childrēn look at pictures, Ġuġdō always rēads the wōrds under the pictures. These wōrds tell something about the pictures.

Guīdō reads them and then explains them to Louīse and Mărie as well as he can.

Guīdō is in the second grade at school. He can read much better than his little sisters. Louīse has been in school only one year and Mărie has never been to school at all. But she is going to school next year.

That day, as they turned the pages of the magazine, they saw the picture of a beautiful city.

There were domes and towers and handsome palaces in the city. And there were many grand churches also.

But there was one thing which seemed very strange to the children. Between the rows of houses there was a canal instead of a street. And there were boats on the canal. Some were passenger boats and others were carrying freight.

Guīdō looked under the picture for the words he expected to find there. He whispered, "V-ē-n-i-ç- Venice, the ç-ī-t-ŷ city of the s-ē sea." Then he said aloud, "Venice, the City of the Sea," and he gave a great shout.

"Oh, girls, that is where mother lived when she was a little girl."

"Oh, mother, mother," called Louise, "come here, please, mother, come here!"

"Oh, mother," cried Guido, "see this picture of Venice. That is where you used to live, isn't it, mother?"

"Yes, Guido," answered his mother, "I lived there until after I was older than you are. How natural that picture looks!"

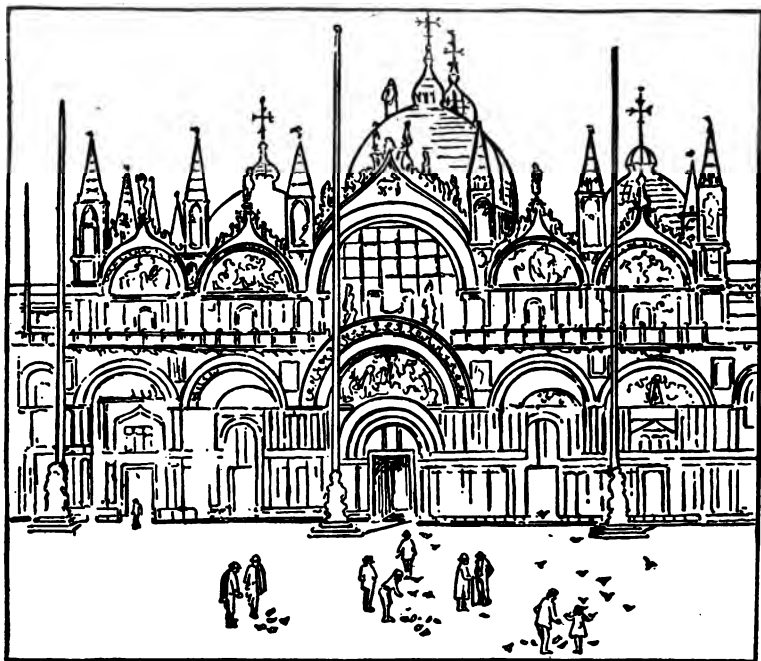
"That is the Grand Canal, children. It is the longest and largest canal in the city. It winds along somewhat in the form of the letter S.

"There are canals through the city instead of streets. People go about in boats instead of in carriages and in automobiles."

"Oh, how pleasant that must be!" exclaimed Louise. "Did you ever ride in a boat on the canals, mother?"

"Oh, yes," answered her mother, "I went out on the canals in a boat with my father almost every day."

"My father used to sell vegetables. He went



in a boat to take the vēgētableſ to his euſtomērs. He would let me go with him, and ſometimes we would go as far as the eathēdral.

“I always likēd to go there. I likēd to ſee the beaūtiful eathēdral, and I likēd to fēd the pigēonſ in the squāre.”

“Oh, ſee, mother, ſee this picture!” ſaid Ġyǫdō.  
 “‘The Ɔathēdral of St. Mārķ’s.’”

“Yes, that is the Ɔathēdral of St. Mārķ’s. It is

one of the lārgest chŭrches in the wōrld, children, and one of the mōst bēautiful.

"See the pigeons in the grēat squāre in front of the chŭrch, and the pēople standing by fēding them.

"There are many thousānds of pigeons in Vēnice. Many, many of them come ēvēry āftērnoon to this squāre to be fēd. They are so tāmē that they will alight on the shōulders of pēople who are fēding them.

"Many a time I have been there with my fāther. How I likēd to see the pigeons flŭttering about! How I likēd to scatter grāin for them!

"My fāther would ōftēn give me a handful of eōrn, and I would thrōw it down for the pigeons. They would flŷ up and alight on my head and shōulders and would ēvēn eat from my hand.

"Do you see thēsē pretty bēads, children? They are mādē of glāss. They were mādē in Vēnice."

"Oh, mother," said little Mārie, "may I wēar yōur pretty bēads?"

"Yes, Mārie," answerēd her mother, "I will

fasten them around your nēck, and you may wēar them all day."

"What pretty bēads they are, mother!" ex-  
claimēd Louīse. "See the tīny green lēaves and  
bright flowers all over them. Are they rēally  
mādē of glāss?"

"Yes, they are mādē of glāss. They were mādē  
in Vēničē, where many věry bēautiful things are  
mādē of glāss."

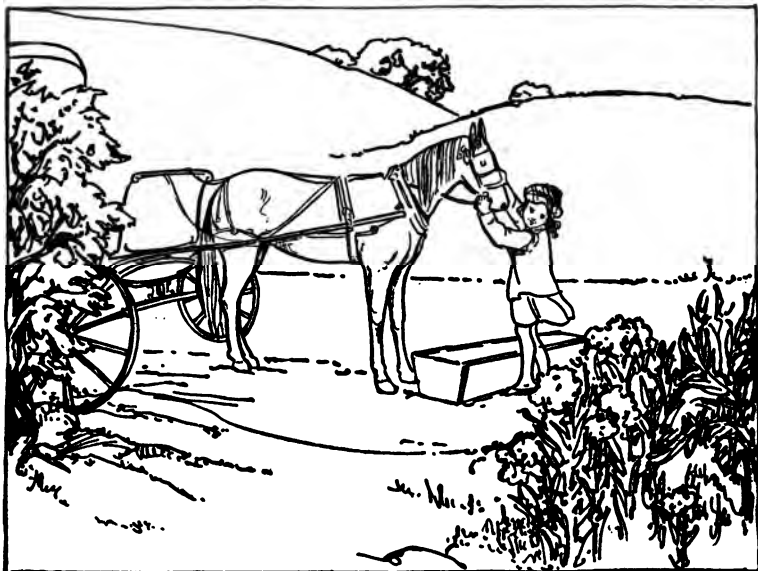
"I should like to go to Vēničē and see all those  
bēautiful things," said Louīse.

"I should like to fēd the pīgeons," said little  
Mariē.

"I should like to rīdē in those funny lōng  
boats," said Ĝūīdō.

"Well," said thēir mother, "I hope we shall  
all go there sometime. We shall fīnd many  
plēasant things to do and many bēautiful things  
to see in Vēničē, that wōnděrful čity, 'the City  
of the Sea.'"





## THE PLAYFUL PONY

ph gh sure

Dăndŷ Dinmōnt is our Seōtch pōnŷ. He is vĕrŷ good-nātured, but he does like to play tricks.

Let me tell you of a trick he playēd once. I think it will make you lāugh. It mādē us all lāugh hĕärtily at the time.

My little brother Rălph was ill, and mother wishēd to call Dr. Phillips. She triēd to tĕlēphōnē, but the tĕlēphōnē was out of ôrdĕr.

So mother askēd me to hārnēss Dāndý into the phāētōn and to go for the dōetōr.

“Tell the dōetōr,” said mother, “that Rālph has taken a hēāvý cold and that he has a bād eōugh. If Dr. Phillips is away, tell his nēphēw William that we should like to have the dōetōr come as sōon as pōssiblē. I hōpē he will be āblē to come this āftērnoōn.

“Āftēr you have lēft the mēssāgē, Phillis,” said mother, “go to the phārmaçý. Ask the drūggist for an ounçē of sūlphūr and fōur ounçēs of eāmphōr. No, fōur ounçēs of eāmphōr will not be ēnōugh. You may get eight ounçēs of eāmphōr. Do not forget your ěrrand, Phillis.”

I prōmisēd not to forget any of the ěrrands. Then I hārnēssēd Dāndý and stārtēd for the villāgē.

There are two rōads to the villāgē. The one to the right is the mōrē dīrēet. I took that rōad and sōon reachēd the dōetōr’s house.

Dr. Phillips was away, but I gāvē the mēssāgē to his nēphēw. William said he was sure his ũnclē would come to see Rālph in the āftērnoōn.

Then I went to the pharmac<sup>y</sup> and got the eamph<sup>or</sup> and the sulph<sup>ur</sup> and started home.

I decided not to go home the same way I came, but to take the cool, shad<sup>y</sup> r<sup>oad</sup> through the woods.

Half way home I stopp<sup>ed</sup> at a watering tr<sup>ough</sup> to give D<sup>and</sup>y some water. Not far away I saw a beautiful bunch of phlox gr<sup>ow</sup>ing besid<sup>e</sup> the r<sup>oad</sup>.

I went back to pick it, and just then I eaght sight of some phoebe birds sitting on a rail f<sup>ence</sup>.

I stopp<sup>ed</sup> to watch them a m<sup>om</sup>ent and then I spied some ripe raspberrie<sup>s</sup> a little farther away. I thought I would stop a few minutes longer and pick a hand<sup>ful</sup> of berrie<sup>s</sup>.

D<sup>and</sup>y kept looking around to see what I was doing. He w<sup>ait</sup>ed and w<sup>ait</sup>ed, then he t<sup>oss</sup>ed his head and tr<sup>ott</sup>ed off t<sup>ow</sup>ard home. He sem<sup>ed</sup> to say, "V<sup>er</sup>y well, Miss Phillis, if you want to stay, you may stay as long as you wish."

I called and called him, but he would not w<sup>ait</sup>. He tr<sup>ott</sup>ed on f<sup>ast</sup>er and faster and soon reached home whil<sup>e</sup> I was left far behind.

When mother saw Dandy coming home alone, she was very much worried. She told my brother Joseph to put the saddle on Dandy and ride to the village as quickly as possible. She told him to take the road to the right, for she was sure I had gone that way.

So Joseph saddled the pony and hurried to the doctor's house. He found that I had called and gone. Then he went to the pharmacy and found that I had been there also.

Then he started home through the woods, for he thought I must have taken that road home.

By and by he came to the watering trough and the place where I found the berries. He saw that the berry bushes were crushed and trampled.

"She must have stopped here to pick some berries," he thought. "Then Dandy skipped for home. Phillis is there safe and sound by this time. I think I will stop and pick a handful of berries too."

Joseph drew the rein for Dandy to stop, then he jumped to the ground, and began to pick the berries.

## DANDY'S SECOND TRICK

ci ce si se ti

Jōseph was not vĕřý cautious. He did not seem to have the lĕast suspicion that Dandy would run home again.

Dandy is not a vĭciŕus pŏnŕ, but he does not like to wāit. He grŏws impātient when he has to wāit, as I had found out to my cŏst.

And now he becāme vĕřý impātient. He neighēd to call Jōseph's attēntion. He jĕrkēd the rĕiņs and then he cŏughēd once or twice.

Jōseph pāid no attēntion. He was too busy eating the luscious bĕrriēs.

At lāst Dandy lŏst all pātĕncĕ. He looked around as mūch as to say:

"Mr. Jōseph, do you think you are giving me a vācātion? How long do you expĕct me to stand in this pŏsĭtion? You seem to have a spĕcial fŏndness for bĕrriēs. I think the hāy in my stall is mūch mŏre dĕlicĭŕus. Take your ōwn time, Mr. Jōseph. Dŏn't hŭrry on my āccount."

With that he kickēd up his hĕels and set into



a gāllōp. Jōseph lookēd up and saŵ Dandy just going out of sight.

“Whōā, Dandy, whōā!” he called, but by that time Dandy was out of hearing too. So Jōseph had to walk home in the dust and heat.

When he got there, he found Dandy quietly grāzing in the yārd as if nōthing had hāppenēd.

Jōseph lēd him away to his stall, saying, “Two tricks in one day are quīte ēnōugh. We will tīe you next time, my finē fēllōŵ. You shall never have a chānce to play that trick again.”

## THE SNOWBIRD'S SONG

The ground was all covered with snow one day,  
And two little sisters were busy at play ;  
A snowbird was sitting elose by on a tree,  
And merrily singing his chick-a-de-de.

He had not been singing that tune very long,  
When Emily heard him, so loud was his song.  
“ Oh, sister, look out of the window ! ” said she,  
“ Here’s a dear little bird, singing chick-a-de-de.

“ Poor fellow ! he walks in the snow and the sleet,  
And has neither stockings nor shoes on his feet.  
I wonder what makes him so full of his glory,  
And why he keeps singing his chick-a-de-de.

“ If I were a barefooted snowbird, I know  
I would not stay out in the cold and the snow.  
I pity him so ! oh, how cold he must be !  
And yet he keeps singing his chick-a-de-de.

“Oh, mother, do get him some stöckings and shoes,  
And a nice little fröck, and a hat let him choose.  
I wish he'd come into the pärlör, and see  
How warm we would make him, pöor chick-a-  
dē-dē!”

The bird had flöwn down for some sweet erümbs  
of bread,

And heard every wörd little Ěmily said.

“How funny I'd look in that cöstüme!” thöught  
he,

And he laughed as he warbled his chick-a-dē-dē.

“I am grateful,” said he, “for the wish you express,  
But I have no öccäsion for such a fine dress.  
I'd rather remäin with my little limbs free,  
Than to höbble about singing chick-a-dē-dē.

“There is One, my dear child, thöugh I cannot  
tell who,

Has elöthed me älready, and warm enöugh, too.

Good morning! Oh, who are so happy as we?”

And away he flew, singing his chick-a-dē-dē.



## AMA, THE SUN FAIRY

Once upon a time, Ämä, the sūn fāirŷ, hid away in a cāvē. She was afrājd of her brother, Suṣā, the god of the ocean.

Now Suṣā had a very viōlēt tēmpēr. He would become vērŷ āngry at times, and he was ōftēn loud and boisterous.

At these times the winds would howl and the sēa rōar. Hūgē billōws would rōll and tūmblē. Grēāt wāvēs would rūsh tōwārd the shōrē and brēak in fūrŷ upon the rōcks. Suṣā was cēr-tāinly vērŷ frīghtful when he became āngry, and it is no wōnder that Ämä was afrājd.

And once, so the stōry says, she even fēared that the wāvēs would reach the sun. Quicklŷ she rōllēd togēther thick, hēāvŷ elouds so that the sūn was ēntīrēly hīddēn. Then she hersēlf flēd to a cāvē besīdē the sēa.

When Suṣā heard that she had gōnē, he was sōrrŷ. He did not want her to go away. He knew vērŷ well that ēvērŷ living thing must have the sūnshīnē or it would surely dīē.



SHE CAME TO THE DOOR AND PEEPED OUT

So he went quietly up to the dōr of the cāve and gēntly callēd to Ämä. Then the little brēēzēs bēgān sōftly to whispēr and the water to ripplē lightly into the cāve.

When Ämä saw the water rippling lightly and heard the brēēzēs whispēring sōftly, she came to the dōr and pēēpēd out.

She did not see Suṣā, but she did see just in front of her a vērȳ bēāūtīfūl fāçē in a mīrrōr. It was her own fāçē, but Ämä had never seen herself and she thōught she saw another fāirȳ.

She heard a sōft, swēēt voicē spēāking to her.

“Come, Ämä,” said the voicē. “Come! We want to see the bēāūtīfūl sūnshīnē once more. No one can live without the sun.”

Ämä listēnēd. She cāmē nēārēr and nēārēr. Finally she stēppēd tīmīdly out upon the strand. And there bēsīdē her stōōd her brother Suṣā.

“Go back to the sun now, dear sistēr,” said he. “Do not be afraid. I will never frightēn you again. Ēvēr if the winds do howl and the wāvēs rōār, they can never do you any hārm.”

Then Ämä went bäck to her home in the sun,

and there she has ever since rema~~i~~ne~~d~~. She gives light and warmth to every living thing. Nothing could live without the sunshine.

Sometimes Ama seems to throw a thick, dark veil over her face. We cannot see her then, but we know that she is shining steadily all the time. We know that soon we shall see again her bright, beautiful sunshine.

There is no fairy so beautiful as the sun fairy. There is nothing in all the world so beautiful as the sunshine.

## IF I WERE A SUNBEAM

If I were a sunbeam,  
I know where I would go;  
Into lowliest houses  
Dark with want and woo;  
Till sad hearts looked upward,  
I would shine and shine;  
Then they'd think of heaven,  
Their sweet home and mine.

— Lucy Larcom.



## SI LING

OR "THE GODDESS OF THE SILKWORM"

Once there was an ěmpěrōr of Chīna whose name was Hōāngtī.

Hōāngtī was a good ěmpěrōr. Both he and the ěmprēss, whose name was Sī Ling, loved their pēōplē. They wishēd them to be hāppŷ.

In thosē days the pēōplē of Chīna wōrē elōthēs made from the skīnš of ānīmālš. They did not knōw how to make elōth of cōttōn, of wōōl, or of flāx.

Āftēr a whīlē ānīmālš becāmē seārčē. The pēōplē could not get skins for elōthīng. They mūst have something in plācē of the skīnš. What could it be?

The ěmpěrōr and ěmprēss trīēd to think of something which the pēōplē could ūsē. But they could find nōthīng.



"WHAT A WONDERFUL THING," THEY EXCLAIMED

One morning they were walking in the gārdēn. Suddenly Hōāngtī stōppēd and pointed at a mūlbērry tree.

"Look," he said, "look, Sī Ling, at those wōrms on the mūlbērry tree. They seem to be spinning."

Sure ēnōugh, the wōrms were spinning. A long thrēad was coming out of the mouth of each. Each one was wīnding this thrēad around its bōdŷ.

Sī Ling and the ēmpērōr stōd and watchēd the wōrms a long time. "What a wōndērful thing," they exclāimēd. It was indeed very wōndērful.

The next day they went again to see the wōrms at work. Some were still wīnding thrēads. Others had finishēd spinning their eōeōōņs and had gone to sleep. In a fēw days all the wōrms were aslēp in their eōeōōņs.

"Why," exclāimēd Sī Ling, "each wōrm has a thrēad around its bōdŷ lōng ēnōugh to make a house for itself. Those thrēads must be vērŷ lōng."

She thōught about the wōrms and their thrēad day āftēr day.

At last she said to the ēmpērōr, "I think I could find a way to wēāvē those thrēads into elōth."

"But how could you unwind the threads?" asked the emperor.

"I do not know yet," answered Si Ling, "I must find a way to do that."

The tiny threads would break very easily. How could she unwind them? She thought and thought about it. She and her women worked patiently to find some way of unwinding the threads.

Finally they put a cotton in a hot place so that the worms would die. Then they threw the cottons into boiling water to soften the thread. Then they unwound it very carefully.

"Oh, how beautiful," they exclaimed. The thread was bright yellow silk, more than three thousand feet long.

"Now," said Si Ling to herself, "if I only can think of some way to weave this thread into cloth."

After many trials she made a loom. It was the first one that was ever made. Then she wove the shining thread in and out, back and forth. She made beautiful cloth.



Si Ling taught others to weave. Soon hundreds and thousands of women all over China were making cloth from the threads of the silkworm.

How happy the people were! They were grateful to their empress. They called her "The Goddess of the Silkworm."

And by this name Si Ling has ever since been known, "The Goddess of the Silkworm."

## THE BOY AND THE SHEEP

"Lazy sheep, pray tell me why  
In the pleasant field you lie,  
Eating grass and daisies white  
From the morning until night?  
Everything has work to do;  
None are idle, — why are you?"

"Nay, my little master, nay;  
Do not serve me so, I pray.  
Do you see the wool that grows  
On my back to make your clothes?  
Very cold would children be  
If they had no wool from me.

“True, it seems a pleasant thing,  
 Nipping daisies in the spring;  
 But what chilly nights I pass  
 On the cold and dewy grass!  
 Oft I pick my scanty fare  
 Where the ground is brown and  
 bare.

“Then the farmer comes at last,  
 When the merry spring is past,  
 Cuts my woolly fleece away  
 For your coat in wintry day.  
 Little master, this is why  
 In the pleasant field I lie.”

— Ann Taylor.



## TO THE TEACHER

It will be useless for children to begin this book unless :

1. They *know* all the sight-words and phonograms presented in the lower books of the series, — and

2. Are skillful enough in “the blend” to determine readily any word made up of not more than six of the phonograms.

If, therefore, your pupils have been imperfectly prepared for this book in the grade below yours, or if, having been well prepared, they have had a long vacation just before entering your grade, your first care must be to review and perfect the work of the lower grade, *whatever time it may require*.

If your pupils have not been prepared at all, *i.e.* have not been taught by the Rational Method, you must, of course, prepare them from the beginning. Whatever their grade or their attainment may be, they should read the lower books of the series in strict accordance with the directions given in the Manual, except that, instead of beginning with blackboard reading and learning a certain stock of words in advance, they should begin with the book itself, and learn the new words as they occur in the lessons.

At the beginning of a term, though the scholars from the grade below come to you well prepared, you will probably receive a number of new scholars who know nothing of this method. Meet the difficulty involved in this circumstance in the following way :

During the first month of the term, teach the new scholars, by means of special drills, all the words and phonograms found in the following lists. Let them participate in the regular reading of the class, but do not during this month expect that their reading will be good. From the beginning of the second month, the class should be able to work as a unit.

### SIGHT WORDS OF THE PRIMER AND THE FIRST READER

a, about, again, ail, air, all, am, an, and, any, apple, are, arm, as, asked, at, ate, — baby, be, been, big, bird, blue, boat, boy, bread, brook, brown, bush, busy, but, by, — can, chicken, children, choose, come, corn, could, cow, — day, did, do, does, dog, down, drink, duck, — each, eat, egg, eight, end, ever, — father, fell, flower, for, found, fox, Frank, from, fruit, full, — garden, get, girl, give, go, goes, good, goose, grass, green, ground, — had, hand, happy, hard, has, have, he, head, heard, her, here, him, his, home, horse, how, — I, ice, if, ill, in, is, it, — Jack, — kind, kitty, — let, like, look, — made, make, Mary, may, me, milk, morning, mouse, mountain, Mr.

Mrs., much, — new, no, not, now, — of, old, on, once, one, other, our, out, over, — papa, picture, pig, play, pretty, put, — quite, — red, reindeer, roof, round, — said, saw, says, school, see, seed, sew, shall, should, she, six, some, stay, — take, than, thank, that, the, these, their, tell, them, then, there, they, thing, think, this, three, to, too, turkey, two, — under, up, us, — want, was, watch, water, way, we, well, went, were, wet, what, when, where, which, white, who, will, wind, wing, with, work, would, — yard, yellow, yes, you.

### Phonograms

(These phonograms should be taught or reviewed in the order in which they are presented in the Manual.)

ā, ä, — b, — e, ç, ch, ck, — d, d̄, — ē, ě, e, eā, er, ers, est, — f, — ḡ, — i, I, i, ic, ick, ight, ights, im, ing, ings, ip, is, ish, — k, — l, less, ly, — m, — n, n̄, ness, — ō, ô, o, oy, — p, — r, — s, s̄, sh, — t, th, th̄, — ū, u, un, ūr, ure, — v, — w, — y, ŷ.

Never have any lesson read by your scholars until you have specially prepared them for it in accordance with the following directions :

1. Copy on the blackboard, with the diacritical marks, all the phonetic words of the lesson that contain more than four phonograms each, and about ten of the shorter phonetic words. 2. Have these words read by the scholars several times. Your experience will soon teach you how much repetition is necessary. 3. As a rule, give the harder words to the bright scholars, and the easier ones to the dull scholars.

This exercise will constitute at once a preparation for the lesson, and the “blend drill” for the day.

*NOTE.* — Observe that in this book, many phonetic words are printed without diacritical marks, and many others are only partially marked. Direct the attention of your scholars to this fact, and in every “blend drill,” besides fully marked phonetic words, use some that are unmarked and some that are partially marked.

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Finally, — Do not attempt the use of this or any other book of this series until you have mastered the directions given in the Manual for Teachers.



